

CAVALCADE

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WEDDING HABITS
CAN BE WEIRD

— page 12



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THE LADY HAD CLAWS



We agree girls are gorgeous; but some have the marvellous urge of the wild

ONE day just after the official end of World War II, a man whom I still call John Donaghy came out of Ypresville. He was a very important man indeed—just how important we could not be told at that time. When, very much later, Marshall Tito set his face against the Soviets, we knew that this was part of the work of John Donaghy. But by then we could no longer shake his hand.

I saw him that morning, and I got the usual run-of-the-mill story—and that could be published at that time. It was a good story, with a wealth of detail—sketches along the Danubian coast, bloody little battles between our D-bobs and the German Eduards off Pola, Kyff and Rapana.

About the rest he was cryptic, but he was a very tired man, and he had

had quite a few drinks. "The rest of it will come from Downing Street or Washington, old man," he told me as I was leaving. "Third world war stuff—or the satellite. I've got a lot of business to fix up here, and then I go straight through to London."

The interview took place in the Alliance Imperiale in Bari. Twenty-four hours later, in a room in a smaller hotel just off the Via Garibaldi in the middle of that glibly Adriatic city, the body of John Donaghy was found. The cause of death was multiple stab wounds in the neck and chest.

Nothing was ever discovered about the killing. Nothing was ever known for certain. If Donaghy's name is remembered now, he is put down as a war casualty—perhaps the last of

World War II, which he helped to fight in Yugoslavia, perhaps the first of World War III, which he had stressed as hard to acknowledge.

But in New Zealand a couple of months ago I met a former member of that bunch of known players known as Lord Ponson Adriatic who had also been a good friend of John Donaghy. We got to talking about the murder, and I told him of the interview. He surveyed his glass for a long while before replying. Then he revealed his denizens and spoke:

"A good story, wasn't it? I mean—justice to the cause? and all that. John deserved it. He was a great man."

"What do you mean?" I asked. "Only that his troubles weren't all political. You see, there was a girl in Bari. She was a Yugoslav—killed in the fighting as a partisan—severely wounded. I've seen her, lay-up—poor creature in a godawful kind of way, all her. Direct, you know—no feeling about the whole question. She and John were like that for a long time. John had a lot of business that night, all right."

"You don't mean she—?"

He looked slightly pained. "I don't know, old boy—but that night John was going unarmored into a shop-keeper's cage. You see, he had a conscience, and he proposed to tell her the show was over—that he was going home to his wife and kids. Personally, I would have done it by phone, or, better still, by cable. You just don't take chances with women like that!"

This is perhaps a roundabout way of introducing the subject—that Balkan or Mediterranean women, particularly those accustomed to violence and bloodshed, are a little different from Australian, New Zealand, or English girls.

Maybe they feel the same at approx-

imate times, but when they believe a man should be taught a lesson they often have the words at hand. "The fury of a woman kindled" is likely to have permanent results. It also has a lethal weapon and the necessary training to use it.

Take the case of Lates, now. She came from an upper-crust Athenian family. She spoke about four languages, including the Macedonian, and she was stuck as nicely as any Foreign model. When the Greek Civil War blew up in war form in December, 1946, she volunteered with others of her set for patriotic duties. Her store turned out to be the daily translation of about 20 assorted newspapers from Greek into English for the editors of the belated group of Allied war correspondents.

And we were besieged right enough. Allied Athens consisted of a single city block, surrounded by barbed wire and under continuous snailshells and artillery fire. The situation was completely crazy. The city telephone system, staffed by Communist operators, still worked. Citizens passed to and fro through the lines. Lates developed the habit of leaving the Hotel Grande Bretagne, where we were all stationed, every few days, and walking through to her house in the Communist-occupied area to take food to her parents.

One night when she was away the hotelkeeper people decided to stiffen the guards at the barometer. It seemed that a great many people, mostly women, had been drifting through the lines with arms and ammunition suspended under their clothing. Quite a number of women appeared to be harboring so maturely beautiful, for obvious reasons—and at the same time the Communist fire coming from that part of the city was reducing it. A snap search disclosed that most "babees" were of the non-

hounding him, made up of hand grenades, small weapons and belts of machine gun ammunition.

Enter Laura, on her way back. She came up to the barracks in the usual civilian way—hands raised to shoulder height. The sentry was a new man, a Private Atwood, from Kent.

"Identification, man?" he asked.

She searched for the card, then realized it was still at the hotel. It wasn't a bright thing to carry into enemy territory evidence that you worked for the British. She explained this to him. He shrugged.

"Orders is orders, Miss. Before you pass through that there wire, I have to search you."

Laura could be all Rotten Row and Bond Street when she liked, and now she gave the man the full treatment. "But, my good fellow, what on earth do you expect to find? And where, may I ask?"

To Private Atwood that was a fair question. "Well, you see, Miss—there's women carry through 'ere all the time. And they carry trunks, accessories, mirror boxes—could we there, see 'em there?"

To do Private Atwood justice, he merely pointed with his rifle. The effect was startling. Suddenly the glamorous lass before him turned into a wailing dreary. Whopping a little from her skirt she flew at him. When the end of the pistol finally pacified her, Atwood was bleeding from a blow split on his upper arm, and two other men had superficial wounds.

When the duty officer interviewed her, Laura was still quivering with anger. By that time we had heard about the affair, and her identity was well established. The duty officer set back and regarded her kindly, having previously strengthened his tie and adjusted his Eighth Army muscles.

"And now, why did you do such a thing? Surely it was obvious there

had been some misunderstanding?"

She shook her dark locks and glomped her hat. "Misunderstanding? The day marked red. Red! Show me just one place—just one place I could have seen the little black hair!"

After waving her away the duty officer turned to where the sentry stood stiffly. "Private Atwood," he said wearily. "You've got no damned tact!"

And then, in Rome, there was Arda. She was a tall, young lass with blonde hair that was inclined to be a bit darker at the roots. Well, the Germans had been in Rome for a long time, and they rather went for Nordic types. A good sort, Arda—you know, friendly. She and her pet frangipani used to drop into a little coffee-vine shop up near Santa Maria Maggiore where the boys had a habit of gathering every morning.

An order was issued to the effect that no arms were to be carried in the city by Allied troops. It seemed a pretty silly order, for there were many cases of belated soldiers, usually officers, being hauled and rubbered after dark. Most of us who had business in the transportation city had some undesirable weapon.

"How about you girl?" somebody asked. "Don't you ever stirle trouble in this neighbourhood?"

Arda shook her head. "No trouble."

The questioner pointed the matter. "I don't suppose you'd carry much money, anyway."

Arda lived in the direction of her stockings, produced a roll of dollars and British occupation lire which would have cheered an American P.O. "We do not want banks, and we do not leave money in our rooms," she said. "But we are not worried by the police, are we girls?"

We listened to the negative chorus, and frankly we didn't believe it. Somebody said so. Arda shrugged,

remained in her large and beautiful

The gun she tossed on to the table was the wickedest close-quarter weapon I have ever seen. It was basically an American Army Colt .45 automatic, fully loaded and with the safety catch applied. But somebody had cut away the trigger guard, buffed the trigger down until it was merely a small lever, and then wired it back to the internal mechanism of the gun. The rear and other moving parts showed signs of similar peering down.

The effect was to convert the Colt from a semi-automatic weapon, which fired one shot and reloaded every time the trigger was pressed, to a sub-

pure sub-machine gun. All Arda had to do on being alerted by a hold-up gang was to press the Colt in the correct direction of her tormentor, push off the safety catch with her thumb, and hold on while more .45-gauge copper-jacketed slugs sprayed the area.

All of which goes to show that, in the Mediterranean area at least, the female of the species is apt to be more deadly than the male. Maybe Elizabeth wanted a bit to be taken to emphasis on his woman power. A couple of divisions of Japanese troops in at Alamein would have certainly made the desert more interesting!





Hamadi was a humble black servant, but he started a one-man rebel of terror, killed ten thousand men and turned Morocco into hell

error in the adla

EARLY in the evening of May 8, 1951, Said on Khale, a French military telegraphist, returned to his lovely blackhouse at Bou Noul, in the Sij el Gharbia district of the Tafila, in French Morocco, after a long patrol. He was weary.

His servant, the dark, redoubtable M. Ahmed Hamadi, came to the door of the blackhouse.

"Fence," he said. "You have been away a long time, Master."

"Fence," answered Said on Khale. "The land is difficult, and one travels a few miles in many hours."

He gave his robe to Hamadi, and

slung his rifle from his shoulders. "Clean this," he said, and handed the weapon to the servant.

At that moment the servant became a monster. As Khale turned to enter the blackhouse, Hamadi took quick, deliberate aim, and shot him dead.

So began one of the most extraordinary reigns of terror ever created in a large district by one man. It was to shake French Morocco to its foundations, bring a noted French General on to the scene, and to be ended by the efforts of ten thousand men.

There was a reason for the first

killing. Hamadi had become the persecutor of Khale's wife, the beautiful Mrs. Ahmed, and crossed by the thought of the return of her husband, the latter determined to kill his employer, and take him away with him.

The murderer of the Tafila then became obsessed with the conviction that God had given him the dead man's gun for the purpose of killing one European he could find.

The French authorities, on discovering the first crime and finding the mad wife, first arrested the wife, him, who had by this time been abandoned by her lover in favour of his murder mission. They also detained a former mistress of Hamadi's, named the Henna. The women were questioned together, in the hope that mutual dislike might uncover information, but whatever they thought of each other, they steadfastly denied all knowledge of the murderer's whereabouts.

Hamadi, taking alarm, had by this time disappeared into the wild and trackless district between Sij el Gharbia and Almorav. This area was an ideal hideout for an assassin, and Hamadi knew that as long as he had ammunition and food he could outwit large parties of pursuers.

On May 12, the whole of French Morocco was horrified by news of the violent deaths of four people, all of whom had fallen to the deadly accuracy, alone of the murderer.

The first two were M. Andre Souvignac and his mother, Madame Curme Souvignac, who were travelling in a car from Almorav to Sij el Gharbia. They had been held up by a road block of large stones. Getting out of the car to investigate the road block, Souvignac had been shot dead from ambush. The elderly Madame Souvignac, whose body lay across the door of the car, had also been murdered while trying to escape

from the vehicle of sudden death. Later on the same day the death toll was added to when the bullet-riddled bodies of M. Hervé du Borg and Mme. Helene Mesmer were found lying by their motor cycles a few kilometres farther along the same road.

Within 24 hours, the French Moroccan Government had organized large search parties. They also proclaimed a state of emergency throughout the Tafila district. The proclamation was made on May 16. M. René Gouet and his wife Mme. Adiane Gouet were also stopped while driving along the same road by a similar road block. Both were seriously wounded and left for dead by the assassin.

As soon as he had recovered sufficiently to talk, Gouet told police that he had offered the benefit of his money and valuables in return for their safety.

"But," said Gouet starkly, "he just kept staring at us, without expression. Then he shot us."

This outrage caused a storm in Casablanca. Within a few hours the Government had organized 10,000 soldiers, police and civilians, as search parties for the monster.

Said on Khale and the Henna, who had been held in custody, were again put through the third degree, but again refused to talk.

A state of siege was now proclaimed throughout the district between Sij el Gharbia and Almorav, and every available vehicle was pressed into service to take search parties into the area. Hamadi was, by Gouet's description, established beyond doubt as the killer, and searches had orders to shoot him on sight.

Without any definite clue to the whereabouts of the killer, the searches had to start on a wild trail. Meanwhile, Hamadi had virtually a free hand, and used it to shake apart

OUR Arsenal Friends. Mr. Albert Albricht, of Spokane (U.S.)—finding himself pestered by pigeons—ordered stuffed birds to his relief. Mr. Albricht is no longer pestered by pigeons . . . BUT he has been avoided by an army of his own. And—to cap everything — a tear-gas bumper alarm installed in a St. Louis (U.S.) chicken store successfully scared off the burglars, but it killed all the chickens.

called out, offering the attacker money and jewelry if he would spare their lives. Hamish appeared to consider this offer, and Chantel came down his hiding place and walked towards the murderer, endeavoring to reason with him.

As Chantel approached, the bandit lifted his rifle and shot him dead. The two terrified women immediately began running and scrambling up the steep sides of the gorge. Hamish killed Milla. Creagnot with a single careful shot. Madame Chantel immediately stopped her further retreat and finally succeeded in inflicting.

The escape of Madame Chantel on May 15 split the doom of Hamish, and commenced the last chapter of the long-drawn-out tragedy. The searchers now knew where the murderer was to be found, and it was only a matter of time before they could go up with him. The whole of the Rio di Grande district was now under martial law, traffic was allowed to proceed only in convoys, in case Hamish should make further attacks on lone motorists, in the hope of replenishing his dwindling supplies.

General Jule Hamish arrived to suppress the affair, and the arrest of 10,000 men were set the formidable task of combing the hundreds of rocky ravines and gorges of the barren district, one of which would have proved death traps when covered by a shower of Hamish's bullets.

Hamish remained at liberty for another seven days and nights. During that time, the authorities finally located his aged mother, whom they questioned.

"You saw your son this morning?"

"We know it. Where is he?"

"I have not seen my son."

"You did see him. He was here yesterday and the morning."

"If he had come here, he would have come to see me."

"Why are you lying? We know you're hiding your son."

"I have not seen my son for years and years."

"Don't lie. Where is your son?"

And so on. But the questioners obtained no information from the aged woman.

The passion was desperate. The whole French population demanded an end to the offer, and the Government announced a reward of one million francs for the capture of Hamish—dead or alive. The searchers redoubled their efforts.

On May 23, 1934, a stranger walked into a small Moorish house in the village of Tachert. It was evening, and the household, together with three Moorish volunteers, were beginning the evening meal. The stranger stood at the door, and said: "I am your brother. Will you give me food?"

The host, in the hospitality of present Moors, asked him to take his place on the floor, and the other, murmuring thanks, sank weakly down near the door. As he did so, his "djebba" slipped back, revealing the lean, mottled barrel of a rifle.

The volunteers exchanged glances, and one of them spoke.

"Why are you armed?"

"I have been shooting deer."

"There is no need to be armed in this house. We will not eat with an armed man."

"The rifle is not loaded."

"We will not eat with an armed man. Put your rifle in the corner, then you can eat with us."

With a gesture of resignation, the stranger rose, and took the rifle to a corner of the room.

He turned. "Now . . ." he began. Then the volunteers fell upon him. The host, for St. Ahmed Hamish was over.

Next day, headlines flashed across the dunes of Morocco, announced the capture. The European population began to breathe freely again. Their relief at the ending of the surrounding tragedy was expressed in the words of "Le Petit Marocain," which said: "The tremendous easing of tension throughout the country was quite understandable, in view of the frightful horror into which families have been plunged by a man who has driven everyone in French Morocco to the end of their narrow resources."

So ended the tragedy of the Tella. To the very end the murderer made no explanation of his madness, though he confessed freely. With you Mohammedan fathers, his answer to every question was the one phrase: "It was God's will."



CANALCAGE, August, 1932 11

WEDDING HABITS can be WEIRD

Around the world nothing is so bizarre, exotic and downright funny as the various goings-on when a man takes a wife.



A MAN naturally looks forward to his wedding night with great expectations. Just what he expects, however, depends on the customs of his people.

On his wedding night a Mandingo groom in the Sudan expects to have a real romp, and he'll be highly indignant if he doesn't. No matter how much his bride loves him, she's considered a "house woman" if she daresn't fight tooth and nail to keep out of his clutches.

This can lead to embarrassing results as far as the new husband's pickle is concerned. In one instance,

witnessed by English anthropologist Edwin Gony, a Mandingo girl kicked, bit and clawed with such ferocity that three of the groom's companions had to help subdue her.

To a stranger, such a scene isn't likely to convey the impression that the girl is in the process of settling down to married life with the man of her choice. But a Mandingo bride believes that the harder the stranger to retain her chastity, the more virtuous her husband will think she is.

A similar theory is held by girls in some regions along the east coast of Greenland. There, too, a wedding

night is a knock-down-and-drag-out affair.

When a Greenland youth decides to marry one of these girls, it's customary for him to go to the maiden's hut and draw her, kicking and screaming, to his own abode.

If the girl manages to escape and wander back to her father's hut, the "marriage" is void. Since both she and her parents usually agree beforehand on the union, this seldom happens, however.

The maid will put up a good fight to show how virtuous she is, but if she finds she's winning she'll quickly submit.

Such little-royals, easy as they seem, are said compared to what happens in some other areas on this wedding night.

In some communities, girls are considered to be the property of their tribesmen or of the community itself. When one gets married, therefore, she must pay a tribute to her father, or to her townsmen.

This sort of thing exists among the Australian aborigines; and was common even among the civilized people of the Hellenic Isles, near Spain, until fairly recent times.

When a marriage took place on Mount Olympus or Colchis, for example, the ceremony would build up to a heated orgy of drinking and dancing. Then the groom would be carried off and held a maidens' captive by the married women of the community, while the bride is not allowed to see him until dawn.

According to the Helian writer, Pseudo-Macrobias, this custom probably originated back in Babylon, where a girl was offered to the priests of the Temple of Venus before she was decreed fit to become a bride. The last premarital, or Night of the First Night, as practiced in Scotland, was another offspring of this

same custom. Under the "Right" the manager of an estate could compel any man on his land who was over 18 to marry some girl who was 14 or more. The manager could even pick the girl if he wanted to.

The "lucky" groom then had to leave the manager and the manager's wife to the wedding. After the ceremony the manager had the right to spend the first night with the bride.

As time went on, however, the greed for money gradually overcame the greed for chaste maidens, especially with boys who were getting on in years. They began allowing grocers and others to "buy" a girl's virginity for a few coins, or for a "share" the use of the man's butt-tacks. Eventually even this practice disappeared.

In certain Transylvanian districts, the husband's province was later reduced to that of simply lying beside the couple on the wedding night. Finally even this familiarity was done away with and it became customary to loudly snuck a royal leg under the bed covers, then leave the couple shamefully to themselves.

An old-time wedding in France, after the feasting and drinking, of the marriage couple occurred the couple to the bridal chamber and economically put them to bed. In some cases the company danced around the room while the newly-weds sat up in bed and watched them. They would then be left in peace for two hours, when the whole company would return and spend the rest of the night grouped around the bed and drinking the pair's health in good red wine.

Among tribes on the Malabar coast of India in the 17th century, the bridegroom of high caste needed a lot of palanquin. His bride was released for him in bedchamber and the marriage ceremony performed three times—

IN DISGUISE: A news flash reports that a native of St. Paul (U.S.) has been granted a divorce "because her husband trained the family dog to bite her." A burglar at Dallas (Tex.) of U.S. was allowed to sever matrimonial relations when "his wife consistently put rope-knots in his gawdy." But our heart really goes out to a Californian undertaker, whose plaint was that "his spouse insisted that he sleep each night in his hearse."

space when the couple were thirteen, usually when they were about eight years of age, and lastly, when they reached puberty.

The final ceremony was a long and throng affair. After it was carried out in the temple, everyone repaired to the bridegroom's house for 15 days of feasting and celebration.

The newly-married couple sat on a raised dais, doled out in the richest clothes and the proudest jewelry of their families. Each night the bride was taken back to her home by women appointed to guard her.

At the end of 15 days, the couple were mounted on an elephant and marched around the neighborhood to the homes of all their relations, who presented them with delicacies and threw scents on the elephant.

Then all again went to the temple for a final blessing by the priests. Only then, at the bride's home, was the union at last consummated.

When the explorer-author, W. J.

Reekling, visited the Andaman Islands in British India he observed a wedding night custom which while not as crude as some, was none the less bizarre.

This always takes place at night. A large fire is kindled and a view is met spread before it. Then the marriage vows are spoken and the bride and groom run off in separate directions to beds.

A few minutes later the bride is taken down the bride and drag her back to the fire, where she is thrown upon the mat. The groom is next brought in and thrown across the girl. He must spend an hour or so in this position, wringing and sobbing. He is permitted to embrace his bride to a certain degree—but it is only after this same rite has been repeated three nights in a row that he is allowed to consummate the marriage.

Obviously such nights are a test of will power, to find out how much completion the groom can stand. If he shows signs of weakening, the marriage then is ended then and there.

The ending of wedding bonds, incidentally, symbolizes, to most persons the way to get out of a marriage. With the Koryak Eskimos, however, it's the way to get into one.

If a Koryak groom enters the nuptial chamber and finds his bride undressed, he won't go near her. It means she is too "easy" and not the kind of gal who'll make a faithful wife.

Consequently, after Koryak marital vows are taken, the bride's friends dress her in a straight-jacket type of suit with long sleeves and laces, the ends of which are tightly bound with rough cords. A gaudy part of the wedding night is taken up with the groom's efforts to untie

these cords. It's work, but it leaves him satisfied that she's hard to get.

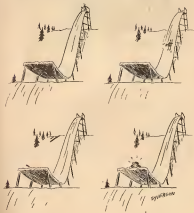
Near the opposite pole of the world are the Fuegians. A Fuegian groom can't keep from his bride on the wedding night by either trick suit or wallpaper. He is, however, dragged off his crowded couch in the early dawn hours by "trudgers," who toss him into the icy Antarctic waters.

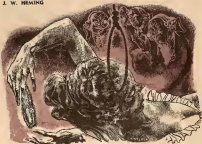
After a night of love, a bath in the Strait of Magellan is best followed by a few shots of penicillin . . .

—which, unfortunately, is rare in Tierra del Fuego. That's why many a Fuegian has developed gonorrhea and died soon after his wedding night.

This supposedly proves he wasn't much of a man anyway, and the gal is lucky to find out in time. If he doesn't die, he's considered tough enough to survive just about anything—even marriage.

All of which shows that some of those weird wedding nights do have practical reasons behind them after all.





TO LOVE AND TO LOSE

Of all the wicked women who upon mere money have worked their wiles, few can match the fake German Princess.

ALL those who loved Mary Moders always look not only the lady, but also all valuable which might be lying about.

Mary lived in the Seventeenth Century and she died in it too—swinging at Tyburn.

Mary had many other names as well as her own—Stodman, Carlston, van Veluwe and so on. But the name by which she was famous was "The German Princess."

Whether Mary had ever been in

high society in Germany is doubtful, although she did go about.

She was wicked—and often temperately won—by scores of men of all grades at the Society of the day.

She tried a flatter in marriage first—just for the experience. She packed on a shamster named Stodman, but he could not provide nearly enough cash for Mary.

A surgeon had more money than the shamster, so she deserted the number of wiles for the number of bodies. She and the surgeon hitched

out to Dover, and Mary, who disregarded such trifles as the laws of matrimony, married the surgeon there.

The shamster took exception to this proceeding and Mary was arrested. But she overruled her charm on the court and was acquitted.

Not liking the way her own charm had treated her, she dropped across to Holland, but did not prosper as she thought she should, so moved into Germany. She found a nice make in a Cologne "house of entertainment." At last Mary began to live in the luxurious style she craved.

She had the taste of an old-time prisoner, but so far she had not become one. And, up to then, she had given value for payment received. Yet she still wasn't satisfied, and kept her eye out for bigger game.

It came in the shape of one of her charms, an extremely wealthy old man, who fell hard for her and proposed marriage.

Here was a big chance. But when she left, Mary could not resist taking the handle of her destiny. This, added to the money given her by the old boy to prepare for the wedding, gave her enough money to decide not to be tied to him at all. She went off alone on a tour—through Utrecht, Amsterdam, Rotterdam to England again.

It was now to be home in good old Billingsgate and she strided into the Exchange Tavern for a meal. It was a high-class place—overflowing with money in the persons of young dandies. Mary saw opportunity knocking.

But as she was unaccompanied, the dandies thought her a woman of loose character. Mary rebelled at the very idea and told them toothily how foolish they were to suspect a lady whose father was Henry van Veluwe, a Prince of the German Empire.

She explained her sole appearance

by saying she had fled the royal home because her father was trying to force her to marry the wrong man.

The town and the tale captivated the dandies' pockets. The newly-created "German Princess" decided that this Exchange Tavern, kept by a man named King, was a promising field she wanted in.

King had a brother-in-law, John Carlston, who fell for Mary. He pleaded with her to marry him. After a show of malicious indifference, Mary eventually agreed.

So she became a bluestocking again. As the "wife" of Carlston, she thought she would have a better opportunity of finding out where he hid his nest-egg.

Then came party number, who had been left behind, got in some dirty work with an anonymous letter to King. It told Mary was not a German princess, and was already married.

This caused Mary's second appearance in the dock. However, records were not very faithfully kept in those days. Although she was charged with libelty again, no mention was made of the suspicion. Of course, Mary forgot to mention him, too.

It was claimed she was married to a man named Stodman (the shamster). However, he was not produced as a witness.

Mary thereupon accused her "husband" (Carlston) and "brother-in-law" of harping the proceedings because she would not make over her "fortune" to them. She swore she was a first-year and asked where was the marriage license of her rapacity with Stodman.

She turned her charm on the judges, who directed the jury that there was nothing but hearsay against her, and that there was no hard proof that she was Mrs. Stodman who had borne two children. They pointed out only that if found guilty she

BUSADERS Cameo. In Bath, England, Dr. Charles Marsh, president of the Western Temperance League, is reported to have started a campaign to dry up England's Wise-Dandee literature. Complaints Dr. Marsh, "I can't see why detectives in these thrillers should be constantly drinking large quantities of hard liquor, when should remember that these alcoholics could just as well slake their thirst on milk, tea, coffee and fruit-juices."

seriously practiced it on a young and rich lawyer. She called the lawyer to her lodgings to discuss ways and means of getting her "fortune" safely away from her "spendthrift husband." Then she bowed the "husband" away and branded the lawyer into a wardrobe.

The "husband" wanted the wardrobe, declaring the party-lacked innocent. He blew off properly, saying he was a very joshing man, but would contain himself for a "very handsome" reward. He got it.

Thieving had got into Mary's blood. She had the acquaintance of a magpie. When she saw something she liked, she took it. She saw a very nice silver handkerchief in a Countess Garden terrace, and that went off. So did Mary. But her charms must have been slipping a bit, for the lady found her pugilist. She was sentenced to transportation for life.

So Mary was on the move again. Her brother took her on a convict ship to Jamaica. She didn't like Jamaica, but there were men there, and when there were men there was money. She made her last trip back to England.

She had a new name and she was now an "heaven." This mixture of charm with lace never failed to get the goods on. She was doing all right, too, until fate played a dirty trick on her.

A housewife of Southwark was robbed of £200—but not by Mary as she did not know him, that being the only reason she did not rob him. However, he looked up such a fat that the law made a search of every doubtful house in the district.

One of the merchants—Lawson, the keeper of the Marshalsea Prison— happened to see "The Gypsy Princess" on one of the boats, and the last time he had seen her was in his keeping in the prison.

He took her along to the Marshal-

sea. Then she made her final appearance at the Old Bailey, on 18th.

Mary put up a good fight. It was a capital offense to return to England after being transported for life. She tried every trick, but she could not get round the fact that here she was—in a place where she shouldn't be. She even told them she was pregnant, but an examination proved that was another of her tales. Again she was sentenced to death—and this time the sentence was not changed. They put her much-admired articles

into shackles, but she made light of them. A character of the time said that on the day of her turning off she was "jazz and brack."

She passed a picture of "Peachey" Cartton to her sister, so that he could hang with her, and she bowed regally from the cart. Outside the St. Sepulchre's Church, she called a halt and delivered a spirited oration. She was "brave, dignified and charming," it is recorded as she took her leap into the unknown.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GUYAS WILLIAMS



SHE'S THINKING, PROBABLY, HOW SHE
MAY GET YOU TO BE THANKS FOR A COMPLIMENT.
WELL, YOUR WIFE HAVING SENT YOU BACK FOR THE
COUNSEL SHE LEFT ON THE COUNTER, YOU OUGHT TO MAKE OFF
WITH A THUNDER—WHY ARE YOU STILL HERE OF THE ANGRY CUSHER?



JOHN ADAM

How a young French lawyer made a headline conquest of a proud and indomitable race of South American Indians.

WHITE king of the RED men

WHEN the dynamic young French lawyer, Grille Antoine Tournier, landed in South America in 1938, he approached kingship from a new angle.

He nervously announced that he was the mysterious "bearded white man" referred to in ancient Peruvian legends who would restore the Indian empire to its former greatness. Sometimes a long-shot pays off, with Grille it did.

He gambled and won as far as the Indians were concerned; within three years he had established himself as King Grille Antoine I of Aricaucana and Patagonia.

Grille Antoine Tournier was born as Le Chateau, near Bordeaux, on May 11, 1885. His French middle-class

parents persuaded him to study law. But the young lawyer preferred adventure before adversity, and at 35 threw up his career, and sailed for South America.

On the trip over he completed his scorching fantastic plans. Ever since the South American patriots had thrown off the Spanish yoke, the newly-formed countries had lived in state of anarchy, because still made with men's lives very insecure.

The most feared were the Aricaucans whose stronghold was among the Southern Andes.

The redoubtable Grille proposed to unite these turbulent tribes into one vast kingdom called "New France."

First step in the foundation of the new empire was the dispatch to the

interior of a half-caste Indian who could speak Aricaucan, with a message that the "white deliverer" from overseas had arrived. In due time the messenger arrived back with encouraging news.

Meanwhile, the future king was so sure of the ultimate success of his mission that he had prepared a kind of French Magna Charta, and talked two of his countrymen, Lachene and Harfontaine, into joining him.

It is not known whether any money changed hands, but Lachene was offered the post of Foreign Secretary in the new kingdom and Harfontaine the important post of Chief of Justice.

Grille sent his interpreter ahead to advise one of the chiefs first contacted, Chief Mamal, that he was about to arrive.

Mamal's son-in-law had died, but his son, Quilques, had been elected in his place and his replacement was fashionable. With strict formality, Grille wrote to the President of Chile informing him that he was "by the grace of God" king of Aricaucana and Patagonia.

The newly-made monarch of the Aricaucans did not rest on his laurels; he immediately proclaimed his Magna Charta.

Indian newspapers were sent in every direction to advise tribes that the White Liberator had arrived, and from every direction news came back that the chiefs and their tribes were willing to submit to the new ruler.

To consolidate his position as far as the governments of Chile and the Argentine were concerned, Grille wrote to friends in France asking them to seek official French recognition of his new kingdom.

King Grille Antoine I sent copies of royal proclamations to different Chilean newspapers. But the South American press ridiculed him and the politicians repudiated him. Worse

than that, "Le Bulletin Francais" rebuffed him.

Dismounted but not disillusioned, the white king set out to bring Chile to heel and soon France to assist him. Foreign Secretary Lachene and Chief of Justice Harfontaine, though having their share of ambition, lacked the high voltage type which characterized their monarch. When he privately threatened cut his warlike ministers, they resigned.

Probably the few state of the royal coffers had something to do with this because when the king engaged a forty-looking half-caste Indian—a western Basque—to act as guide and assistant, he had to give him an L.O.U. for 50 Chilean pesos as down payment on his salary.

Meanwhile the king delivered a high-powered, Hitler-like harangue, to chiefs on his crowned and within a few days Indian hordes began to arrive.

Soon he had 20,000 warriors assembled. In deadly silence they listened to their king's speech in which he promised to make them a prosperous and powerful nation.

It went over his tribes from all over South America joined his sort of "United Tribes Organization."

During the king's triumphant tour of his domain, he had disastrous news trouble. His henchmen, Rousset, sought something substantial upon for his tribe—then pay them 100 U.S. The king, intent of state affairs, merely retorted the value of the L.O.U.'s to two thousand Chilean pesos.

Backed by his army, he intended to force the Chilean government to sign a peace treaty, at the same time recognizing him as king of Aricaucana and Patagonia; unfortunately, he didn't know that his enemies had offered a prize of 50 gold pieces to anyone who captured him.

Traitorous henchman Rousset was

THE INDIGENEOUSNESS OF SEX. (II)

We called 'em dolo, we called 'em dolo, we called 'em flipperty-gibbety;
we called 'em clinnit, called 'em wites, and pretty little pippett,
we called 'em musket, wanchan, too, and often wooty moppet
twice . . . by some lassy elderly . . . were sometimes turned to
poppett),
we called 'em stoddies, called 'em bolos, called 'em Dear-Little-
Triangs,
we even called 'em "My Old Dutch" . . . Ah, how the 'wotkin
rings
with echoes of our industry to coin the fitting name
to win a woo . . . Yet what the help? . . . They must jist the same!

— JAY-PAY

better informed than his royal master on this score and he manfully arranged for Orlé's capture by the Chilean police on January 18, 1882.

During transfer to a military prison, the prisoner managed to send two letters one to the French consul and one to the French *Chapelle d'Affaires* in Santiago. In both letters he indicated the indignity of his claim to the *Aracautan* and *Pitanguan* tribes.

The boat dragged on for weeks and sickness and fever reduced the captured king to a skeleton.

He was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, but the French authorities finally weighed a medical examination; he was declared insane and returned to France on a French warship in 1882.

For the next six years in Paris he did a great deal of journalistic work. Again and again he wrote asking

for support to retain and re-establish the "Nouvelle France" of his dreams. Eventually his persistent representations bore fruit, and the French warship, *Dilettoscoptes*, landed him on the *Pitanguan* coast in 1888.

The news of their king's return spread like wildfire through the Indian territory and a general uprising was planned. Better experience had taught the Chilean military leaders that something more subtle than military skill was required to defeat the indomitable *Aracautan* this time.

The rise was simple and spontaneous. Indian chiefs along the Chilean border were treated to cups of "murió"—a very heavy type of purple juice.

Meanwhile during the absence of the chiefs and warriors, detachments of Chilean troops made incursions into the Indian territory, burning down huts and tents, and destroying

defenses and bewildered natives. The Chileans were desperate because the French warship which had returned the whole king remained at anchor off the coast. It was rumored that the ship carried arms for the Indians.

Meanwhile the Chileans had strengthened their military positions and it was impossible for Orlé to reach the warship. Without firearms it was hopeless to attack the Chileans so he decided to return to France.

Salays of Indian chiefs escorted their king to the coast and, after a short stay in Buenos Aires, he returned to Paris to arrange another propaganda blitzkrieg.

His dramatic stories of South America typed him to a *Beren* *Musshammer* Minor, but when it became known that a London banker—a certain Jack Michaels—was backing the scheme—the French press suddenly supported the exiled king of *Aracautan* and *Pitanguan*.

Things got into top gear. Senator Jack Michaels sold bonds like hotcakes two days were chartered.

Orlé was so sure that his third expedition would succeed that he had special copper coins struck bearing an *Aracautan* and *Pitanguan* coat of arms.

The news caused a diplomatic explosion in Chile; the French and British governments were asked to intervene and diplomatic pressure led to the dissolution of the king-banker combination.

Disillusioned, but still insisting that he was the king of *Aracautan* and *Pitanguan*, Orlé returned to his native province to complete his memoirs. Broken hearted, he died in 1884, aged 33.

Shortly after, several French newspapers published a number of appreciative articles on the dead "king," proving him to a patriot who had failed to establish a new France only through the indifference of his countrymen.



FLOODS WERE FLOODS IN '93



ATHOL YEGHMAN

This Queensland flood, which devastated a vast area, wiped out half a city and brought death and misery has been called our worst disaster.

FLOODS DROWN TWO TEN HOMES WICKED

THE evening headlines blared it. "He" joined the Olden Drinker, stopping his newspaper, "I seen floods that drowned twenty even-right." He pushed his glass back across the bar. We all gulped noisily. "It's the truth," persisted the O.D. "Listen" . . . he pointed. Antient-Mariner-wise to the ceiling . . . "I was in a pub in Brisbane after the floods of '84. Now that was a flood. There was a line scratched round the wall of the bar above our heads where the water had been. A couple of weeks before, the publican had been hanging onto the roof and watching

a hundred houses float by."

He couldn't see us peering behind his back . . . which was perhaps just as well . . . and I'd almost forgotten his plan when I happened to come across some old newspapers . . . dated February, 1893, to be exact.

My eye was stopped by a headline. It was just a single line running across one column, in letters perhaps a third of an inch high . . . but it was a screamer in those days.

"Terrible Floods in Queensland," it read. For me personally, the Olden Drinker's stocks soared.

As a matter of fact, after I had read the whole story I decided that the Olden Drinker would have been

nausea the truth if he'd said that in his flood 50 or 100 had drowned and 1,000 houses had been washed away.

It started in January, 1893, with steady rain for weeks over the Brisbane watershed—drizzling, overflowing even that comes down the mountains to the west of the city.

At Ipswich, 25 miles west from Brisbane, the water also rose quickly and steadily. On February 3, housewives began shifting their stock out of waterlogged warehouses.

By next day, falls of 30 inches at 24 hours had been reported. The river in Ipswich was running a bank; the cascades began to roar—not only merchants moving their stock, but families shifting furniture, livestock and themselves. Road traffic to Brisbane was halted as the river burst out of its bed and swept the country roundabouts.

By Friday, February 4, the city was completely cut off when the water ran over the telegraph wires.

By Monday, the river was up to the Bremer bridge in Ipswich—a clear rise of 30 feet. Houses, shops and municipal buildings were submerged or washed away.

Light and heat went out all when the gasworks went under. Trains were halted at Redbank near Brisbane and the passengers left stranded there without much food or water.

Busse parties were thrown together as the first victims of the mounting waters were trapped in trees, on isolated hills and on floating houses.

On Tuesday, news came through from Maryborough, some hundreds of miles to the north. Thirty had been drowned, the main bridge over the river—the Longman Bridge—had been swept away.

Other reports—later confirmed—were that the water at Gympie was 25 feet above normal; and that

Gooma, a town between Ipswich and Brisbane, was completely submerged.

The death tally in Ipswich stood at 25. It rose when a man and a woman in a boat, struggling for the safety of higher ground, were whirled on and never seen again.

The Governor of Queensland arrived at Ipswich, trying to get through to Brisbane. He seemed to reach the hoodoo.

At last, the water began to abate—inch by inch, foot by foot, leaving its perfidious prisons scattered down the hills towards the river—timber, clothing, dead animals, household furniture—and other more gruesome remnants.

On Wednesday, Ipswich was taking stock of what it had left.

Early in the morning, the Governor left by rail trolley, with a handful of men, to try to break through to Brisbane. The party got as far as Indoonipilly; but there, the bridge was destroyed. The hoodoo was back.

Meanwhile, news was filtering out from Brisbane through Townsville. Reports said that the Victoria Bridge, a massive affair which joined the North side of the city with the South, was washed away. There had been 25 feet of water in Stanley Street, then one of the main shopping centres. Two other railway bridges had been destroyed.

The Governor and his party finally reached Brisbane. The night was worse than they had feared. The suburbs were littered with the wreckage of hundreds of houses.

Official reports began to filter up the story on Thursday, February 5.

The railway bridge at Indoonipilly (Brisbane) had gone. On Saturday, wreckage and rubbish had piled up against the almost submerged spans and H. C. Stanley, Chief Engineer of the M. & N. Railway, ordered a loaded train onto the bridge, where the explosion

HURRY Harold Hurry, all tourists Hawaii-bound! It's later than you think. According to U.S. scientists, the Hawaiian Islands are slowly sinking into the ocean and will eventually be drowned beneath the waves. Scientists at Wakeol will therefore take due precautions and keep a weather-eye open. CNN—Scientists Dista and Mased estimate that the populace of Hawaii have only a mere 40 million years to prepare for the worst!

breaking point. The bridge gave way and dropped to the river beneath. Yet—a minor miracle, it must have occurred—on that same Monday evening, the waters started to recede. In some sections of the town, three-quarters of the houses and business buildings were gone. One spectator who viewed 21 houses was left with four.

But there was to come. Lookers took advantage of the destruction. They were seen pillopping baskets and shops. Police noted that Volanture Joseph young men who shot first and asked questions afterward were water in to fight the rushes.

The bodies of several lookers were added to the growing death list. Homeless citizens were living and sleeping in trees, in roadside houses, under stacks of lumber.

On Friday, the water was nearly back to normal. The town looked as though Nature had anticipated the atomic bomb . . . broken, wrecked, stained with rubbish, struggling to its feet to salvage what it could.

A cargo steamer and a bulk were high and dry on the banks of the River, Carolina. They were in good company—a small garboid was there as well.

Railway stations were wrecked, lines torn up and rolling stock scattered. Present-day train travelers will please restrain vulgar belly-laughs at a newspaper report that of this place the railway subcommittee once wrote "as a pitiable plight."

Health authorities were busy disinfecting buildings and streets with a preparation that must have been genuine swinefeed. A man unloading sacks of this from a large spill came as his own man. It burned through the skin and rotted his shoe leather; but before it had time to burn the flesh from his bones he had

jumped into the river.

Homeless survivors seemed to have been avoided by body-snatchers. Tombstones were scattered like seeds over a table. Coffins had been washed out of the ground, and the remains of their occupants left lying in the mud on their makeshift shrouds.

Not surprisingly, garbage dumping started under official supervision, for weeks after, a string of holes bared the wreckage of a city out to sea.

As for the dead, a full count was never completed. Whole families had disappeared. Some were traced months later, either alive or buried in a flood-made grave of ash. Many more were never seen again.

And even that was not final.

On February 14, the water rose to within 18 feet of the previous level, but little damage was caused on this occasion (there was little remaining to be damaged). The water once more returned to its old channels . . . Erskine had been saved . . . but only just.

City authorities announced that they intended to mark the height of the flood with tablets, but it is doubtful whether the promise was ever fulfilled . . . which is a pity, because the "Sydney Morning Herald" prophetically said:

"People will begin to argue about the height of the 1931 flood, then they will begin to forget; and, as years go by, a new generation will arise which will simply regard it as a silly tale of their fathers."

But if the politicians forget too soon, one who was not a politician did their job for them. A politician who had his hotel on high ground smashed a notch on the wall of the bay, well above the driest low water, to mark the limit of the water.



THE END of Arguments



Do Colors Look Different When You're Lying Down?

You'd be surprised. Try watching a series of colors when you are standing upright on your feet and then try to watch the same colors when you are lying on your side. After you've inspected the resulting confusion, consult Dr. J. N. Aikington. In the British science journal, "Nature," Dr. Aikington explains that when you are standing upright on your feet, both your eyes are colored in about the same way. When you are lying flat on your back, the color vision of both your eyes is alike, also. But if you lie on one side, the lower eye is more sensitive to red than is the one on top. The upper eye is more sensitive to blue. If you turn over, the colors sensitivities of the two eyes are reversed.

How Can You Best Live to a Ripe Old Age?

Easy! Just pick a long-lived mother. This advice is based on findings reported by Dr. E. Jakschitz, of the University of Montreal (Canada). After studying the data of 25,000 cases Dr. Jakschitz seems to wipe off father's life span as a mere or less total loss. Declares the doctor: "The length of life of fathers does not significantly increase the life span of daughters and, even in men, is less than that of the mother's longevity. However, father's age when children are born does not have any effect on

his offspring's expectation of life. On the other hand, babies born when the mother's age is high have a shorter life than those of young mothers."

Can Insanity Be Faked?

Well, it all seems to depend on the person you encounter. The British medical journal, "The Lancet," declares that, while it isn't so hard to fake the symptoms of a psychosis, it's terrible to keep up the pretense day after day. As a matter of fact, you could easily drive yourself mad by trying to do so. As a case history, "The Lancet" quotes a man who "made a pretense of hanging himself"; "lost consciousness by long periods in the same position"; "talked aloud to himself"; "wrote silly letters" and "complained that people talked about him." After three weeks, however, the power broke down and stated that it was all a mistake for his part. He had (he revealed) put on the act to escape arrest for theft.

As a matter of fact, if all anyone were like Bradstreet (the English institution for the criminally insane), one could quite understand people faking lunacy. Conditions are so good that it has the lowest death rate in the world. A big proportion of its inmates are over 75 years of age. One recently made \$250,000 in speculation on the stock exchange; another engaged but soon returned voluntarily because he "couldn't stand the real-ness out there."

HITTING THE HAY—

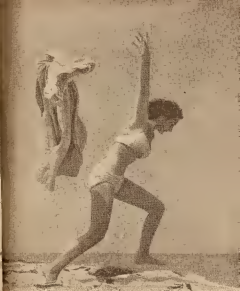


—SURF STYLE

So she's going landing in a load of hay, ah? ... Well, maybe not quite that! but she's giving a wind (and, may we say, a very necessary imitation, anyway). As a matter of fact, she's la belle France's equally la belle Renee Bogin . . . and for the economical French one short on the bathing-beach ideal she's seeking solitude to suit herself appropriately for the surf. All she needs is a quiet spot and . . .



Well, she's found it and she's right into action. (Shoot first, of course . . . and that cackles round her ankle . . . when we were chewing chunks out of our dummies, they used to call 'em "Jazz Garters" . . . maybe, they call them that still . . . But why bother asking questions, Rose's getting down to really serious work . . . But why bother asking questions, Rose's getting down to really serious business, and we're prepared to be curious about it, too. (Note for Festival Auditors: Observe how Rose's cunningly combines street wear with swim wear.)



And now, all's set and she's taking the plunge. Watch yourselves, you lads, lucky wives . . . you don't know what's coming to you. And, judging from appearances, we wish we were in those wives' place . . . we'd be open-minded (and open-armed) about it. (Postscript: And in case you're inclined to get funny ideas, these shots were taken by photographer Betty Horvath.)

WHEN THE LAW'S A "HASS"



RICHARDO CARAPALLESE, Italian international soccer star, sat down with his family to enjoy a chicken lunch. Shortly afterwards they all developed food poisoning—and Ricardo's team, Torino F.C., lost an important match because he was unable to play. Now the club is suing the politician who supplied the chicken.

This case has—as at writing—not been heard, but if the club and Ricardo win their action, it will be no seldom by the strongest circumstances under which damages have been awarded.

But this is only the least of it. Babies, chimpanzees, pigs, insects and even statues have all at some time or other sued someone or have been sued.

The most recent case of this kind was when Judgment was given in the U.S.A. in favor of an unknown child whose mother had been hurt in a fall.

A six-month-old child who had been spanked by a baby-sitter was awarded \$2,000 damages by a Washington court last year. Her parents maintained that they had not given the baby-sitter permission to discipline the child in any way.

Not so successful was the claim of the marriage snapper who filed a law suit against a man who had fallen to his left. The husband took place in a party where the complainant said that the man had kissed all the other women present except her—"thus causing a serious imputation on her character and her character." Unfortunately for her the court thought

it unworthy of serious consideration.

In America anything can happen and some fantastic lawsuits have been brought before Justices in the States. One of these recently arose from the complaint of a man who said he had not had sufficient ice cream in a cone that he had bought.

The ice cream vendor took him to court for disorderly conduct—and he was fined \$2/10/- . Then it was the lawyer's turn. He claimed that his reputation had suffered because of the action brought against him, and the worry involved had brought about a recurrence of heart trouble.

He was not content with a mere \$2/10/- . He asked for \$2,000, plus another \$500 for mental anxiety brought about by riding in a police car, medical expenses and loss of income.

In Hollywood the film, "The Kennel Wagon" starring Bing Crosby, brought about an action of an unusual kind. Mrs. Florence Franklin, owner of a beauty salon, alleged that she had lost the affections of her husband after he had been "so-stayed" as Bing's pet in the film.

She told the court that the dog was the only companion she had and estimated his loss was worth \$20,000 to her.

On the other end of the financial scale is the case of the Egyptian policeman who was awarded a half-penny damages against the authorities whom he sued for ordering him to shove off his motorcycle. They said that it was the cause of many traffic jams in Cairo because women drivers became so frustrated with it.

Trained as these cases are, they are comparatively concerned with some old-time lawsuits.

The famous statue of Venice de Mida, for example, was once sued in prison—at Mannheim, Germany, in 1833—for adultery.

Frank tanks such as the one men-

tioned were even more common in the Middle Ages, when all kinds of animals and insects were solemnly tried before a judge and jury. This had its roots in the laws of the Old Testament. Animals and insects were always defended by an advocate, and the whole business of justice (which usually meant execution for the poor convicted) was carried through with great ceremony and ritual.

This practice was particularly prevalent in France, where records show that 32 actions against animals from 1120 to 1790 were recorded—the last animal to undergo trial being a cow.

Probably the most famous of these animal cases was that of St. Julien. In 1387, when vermin which had been damaging vineyards were paid. A proclamation was issued last, apparently, the insects caused this trouble was about, for they disappeared from the district. Forty years later their descendants came back to the vineyards—and, they, too, were brought to court. This ended in their favour, and they were given an acre of land in which to carry on their activities.

It was also a French case which found a new guilty of murder after a field stuck on a child. The law was dressed in women's clothing and hanged from a gallows.

A lawyer tried to defend a colony of ants which were inhabiting a Brazilian monastery who was able to prove that the insects had occupied the site before the monastery had been built. The suit right in the site was recognized by the court, but, as it was inconvenient to move the monastery, the ants were told to remove their home to an adjoining field.

But what must have produced the most ridiculous spectacle in the history of the law was the trial of a chimpanzee at South Bend, Indiana, for breaking a "No Smoking" rule. The chimp stood solemnly in the dock while lawyers argued over his age!

Crime Capsules



LAT-EE . . .

A burglar—4-foot tall, weighing 80 lbs.—recently rumbled into a Bronx (New York) toy shop and headed to 12-year-old salesman, John Lupo, two dollars as a deposit on a child's tricycle. This farcical deal accomplished, *Superman, Jr.*, produced a pistol, grabbed Mr. Lupo in the ribs, and held him while the cash register *Hoween*, both Mr. Lupo and his smother were too busy to note the shop's prospective tip-in up from the rise and busily both the burglar hunk on the stool with a screw-driver. Justly incensed, the salesman promptly locked Mr. Lupo and his boss downstairs. In the vestibule, the pair changed to over-run the proprietor's son, Bill, Bill, naturally named the conventional scream of "Help! Murder! For-loose!" Loping heels of the law arrived clamorously on the scene . . . too late! The bribe had vanished, but behind him remained his pistol, his eye-glasses and two dollars in cash. As at writing, he has not returned to collect his property. "And it wouldn't do him any good if he did," Mr. Lupo has announced. "He'll get no two dollar refund here!"

THE NEW LOOK . . .

Grandsons of Canada (U.S.)—as we hear—have voted to change their off-

icial seeking colors from black to powder blue. (Voting 123 for; 22 against.) *Hoween*—as if to underline these disapproval—produces in Salt Lake City put the heavy hand on an extra added whose banner plate was painted a vivid rainbow hue. Fleeced the citizens ineffectively. "I know it's the wrong colour, but I wanted it to tone in with my car's daze."

FORWARNING . . .

In South Africa, Nicholas Gosh, neatly attired in tuxedo and the staircase, dashed intensely into a police station and phoned an overnight bag on the change room table. "Hi, wootchee! It's that!" waving the suspect in change positively. "No, just my pyjamas, shower gear and what not!" retorted Mr. Gosh nonchalantly. "Tie off to a sing party, if everything works out as it should. It'll certainly be under you in a few hours."

MISTAKEN IDENTITY . . .

A professor at the University of Kansas reports that he recently passed out to his anniversary class 50 photographs for the purpose of having them select the criminal and non-criminal types. He avers that 50 per cent of the students chose chief G-Men J. Edgar Hoover's portrait as that of a criminal.



Floodbound



with rats

WAL WATKINS

HE WAS A KILLER BUT HE FEARED
THE SMALL FURRY CREATURE
THAT SHARED HIS REFUGE

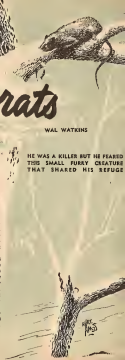
THE hoodlums killer sat high in the upper branches of a tall oak. Below him there swirled the rushing waters of the flood, and as far as he could see the land was a white blanket of water.

Nothing stirred on shore. No more dead, save the swiftness that waved their tops on the water's surface.

The killer looked up into the branches above him and felt happier. The flood was still rising, but it would never run to the height of this big oak. He was safe here. He had enough food in the sack to last him a day or two. He could wait here until the water fell. Then he would move east to the railroad and to freedom. The troops would never suspect he had come this way; straight into the path of the flood.

The killer had escaped early that morning when the trooper had him halfway to town. His crime was murder, and he'd taken the gunbelt and slugged the trooper and escaped his escape. The flood had helped him, covering his tracks and no doubt leading the search to the dry range country to the west.

Now he settled himself more comfortably into the fork of the gum, as dusk darkened the watery world



NATIONAL FITNESS

Minors — read, denure or
gave —

asked had to get their way
a lot of shapely legs,
the mischievous glance
of a mischievous boy

which entangled walrus, with
wheels of war,
can only fly by "spending
deaths,
and even if her glorious folk,
the which need not have any
work

more a drink has obtained her
only
merely by drinking her both-
some birds

— JAT-PAT

Some strange feeling made him look
up again. And when he did, he looked
straight into the hard black eyes of
an enormous gray rat.

The rat was crunched on the next
branch just where things had above the
killer's head. He was gnawing root
from the food crates and his sides
were covered from long hours of
starvation.

A shudder ran through the killer.
A rat! Always, he had hated rats.
Ever since that terrible night when
he was a baby. He didn't remember
the incident, but they'd told him of
it, and there had always been the scar.
He lifted his hand now and touched
the tiny furrow on his cheek. And
he shuddered again. The rat had
killed him while he slept in his cot
that night, and he'd carried that sub-
conscious dread of them away since.

Now the rat moved two slow steps
along the branch to lift its rear to-
wards the man and snarl.

The killer's hand moved to his belt
and he drew his big sheath knife. He
waited. His eyes stayed fixed on the

rat. He wanted to smother it, but his
eyes would not leave it. He shaped
to throw the knife, then hesitated.
No! He might miss and lose the knife.
He stood up in the dark and reached
across. But the rat moved further
down the branch and sat staring.

The killer re-observed the knife.
What the devil was of a man was
he, anyway? Frictioned of a wall.
He deliberately turned his eyes
away and looked out across the new
darkening water. But his thoughts
were still with the rat, wondering if
it had come down, and was now on
his branch. Wondering if now it
wasn't sitting behind his head wait-
ing to drive its teeth into his face.
He looked back quick to the branch
above him. The rat was gone.

Wildly, the man looked about the
barracks. With a start, he turned his
head and looked behind him. No, the
monster was gone.

He tried to relax, telling himself
that the thing was just another food
victim, and that he was now away
down on the trunk of the tree some-
where. But all the while, the un-
conscious was there. The feeling that
the rat was watching him.

The darkness deepened and the
man's nerves tightened. He stared
about at the mass of leaves and
branches. But he saw only darkness,
and cold shapes that took the shape
of monstrous rats. He took his
mouth from his pocket and struck
out. And the moment it flared, he
saw the rat. It was sitting straight
down the branch, some three feet
below his feet. It was motionless,
staring at the yellow flare.

The killer cursed loudly and grab-
bed out his knife again. "Ti! get
you!" he snarled. "I'll start those
staring eyes o' yours for good!" He
started along the branch with the
knife ready to slash. But the rat
tensed and sat back to the fork and

glugged up on to the branch above.
Then the vast darkness went out, and
the man crawled back to the fork
and sat cowering the entire nerve of
the rat and the faded nerves of him-
self.

Fifty feet below him, he heard the
swirling foodwaters. And he thought
of leaving that tree and finding an-
other one. But no. It was too dark
and he wasn't a strong swimmer. No,
he must stay here.

He felt the food pack on his leg
and thought of throwing it away.
That was what attracted the thing no
doubt, the smell of the dungen. But
no, it was his only food, and it had
to last him till he reached the pad-
dock. He shivered and jumped as
wind rustled the leaves about him.

Later, when his nerves were relax-
ing at him, he struck another match.
And there, in the same place again,
was the rat. Back on his branch be-
low his feet.

The killer blew out the match and
reached out to a pocket about. He
tore at it until it came away in his
hand. It was long and powerful. He
balanced it at his hip and struck an-
other match. And when the rat still
glared at him with unwavering black
eyes, he took the match in his right
hand and held the match in his left.

He measured the rat off and struck
with a hard swinging blow. The
match went out as he struck. He
heard the crack of the stick, then
the short squeal of the rat; then
silence. He waited. Had he killed it?
If so, why hadn't he heard it plop
in the water? Perhaps he had only
injured it and made it more angry?

He sat fighting his doubts for a
while. Then he struck another match,
and as he did he fumbled the box
and it slipped from his trembling
fingers and fell down into the food
below.

He cursed loudly. No matches to
light a fire with now. No way of

making a decent meal or making a
cup of tea. He yawned suddenly and
felt again that then ever before. The
rat to-day had been a long one, and
he yawned sleep. He put the food
pack behind him in the fork and let
himself relax against it. Once or
twice, he started as leaves and twigs
moved in the wind. But his eyes
grew heavier. His thoughts wandered
on rats. Then sat that had watched
him, and the rat leap over that had
bitten his face. Was this big story rat
still here? Was he still watching?
The questions were framing and re-
framing themselves in his mind. But
he was tired—too tired to care. And
then his right nerves stirred. And
the midnight sleep.

He was a baby again, and there
his grandfather were unknown to his
lonely mind. He was in his cot and
there was a big gray rat perched on
the rail staring down at him with
unwavering eyes of black. Then the
rat was coming down to him; he
clawed feet plucking at the blanket
as it came. Then it was at his face,
and he was gasping in terror and
heaving at the attacker with tiny
hands.

And the rat was screaming in rage
and driving his cruel fangs deeper
and deeper into his face. And the
harder he beat at it, the deeper went
the teeth. And there was nothing he
could do but scream and scream.

He awoke as the rushing air stirred
his senses. He was talking. There
was perspiration pouring from him
and his face was contorted in terror.
Then the branch snapped up at him
and he felt him into unconsciousness
as he fell on down into the water.

Back on the high branch, the pale
gray rat stared into the darkness and
wandered miserably at the misty
eyes of men. Then he lifted his nose
and wrinkled the tip of it. He went
cautiously down the branch to the food
pack.

UNDER THE BANNERS

PAUL WARREN GRAMAIN

ENRIQUE VIVES was, in the opinion of many, a genius. Unfortunately he spoke his national language badly, a fact that prevented his ever being accepted by the elite of that old city where this tale is set. Every time he opened his mouth, they were reminded that his first years had been spent in Spanish gutters.

An American tourist had taken a liking to a swarthy, 40-year-old urchin and had taken him across an ocean to clean him up and give him an education. But life, much have been easier for Enrique of 20 years later, if his benefactor had thought it necessary to have him tutored in the niceties of Spanish diction.

But now, let's join that adult Enrique, walking briskly along a narrow, dusty street in a city long forgotten by the powers in Spain, but once Spanish then Madrid itself.

He reached a safe, paused briefly to comb thick hair back with his fingers, then plunged in through the

HIS IDEAS WERE GOOD BUT THEY PIN-POINTED A CHANGING WAY WHICH THE BOSS OF OLD SPAIN SAW WAS DANGEROUS

door. Miguel de Falla was waiting for him at a table.

"This is for you, my boy," said de Falla authoritatively, holding out a letter about 2 envelopes.

Infected by his tone and manner, Enrique took it without comment and studied the coloured seal before breaking it open. He did not speak until he had read the letter twice.

At last he whispered, in a choked voice, "Why? Why?"

De Falla reminded him, "You came here to build an hotel and you remained to carry out other commissions. Now you'll go off with a new bagful and references that will secure you future clients."

"Really?" murmured Enrique. "No, I mean I was going to remain a day."

"The client you'll have to be satisfied with the changes you've made," murmured de Falla, looking embarrassed.

"You changed nothing," Enrique

An Sho-to-Spoke Department Store that the High Art of Advertising is being to more brilliant and more bizarre heights under the influence of the Mytic East. At least, an Oriental newspaper (name and country withheld for deep considerations of international unity) has just issued the following unadorned testimonial to itself: "The news of English we tell the latest, we in perfect style and the most exact. On a Sunday not absent, we hear and tell of it. On a mighty day, we publish it in borders of comfort. Staff has each one deep in college and was like the Kipling and the Dickens. We describe every tree and unfortunate not for advertisements, Ray it"

packed out violently. "I thought I had, but really I've only got a skin over some of the decay and the rotteness."

A waiter interrupted them, putting drinks on the table.

"Won't you tell me who's behind that?" asked the young architect.

"The one person—the commander?"

"Not you thought?"

De Fells hesitated for a moment, then said slowly, "Yes, I agree with the others."

For Enriquez this was perhaps the worst shock of all. He liked old de Fells and had considered him his only real friend there. His face shivered colour and he got up, unable to say anything. And he hurried off towards the door like a man in a daze.

Outside, Enriquez walked for a long time under the too hot sun, trying to work it out.

It was mid-afternoon when he headed back towards the hotel he had designed and in which he had his apartments. It was on the crest of a small hill—a no-man's-land of balconied concrete approached by a broad stretch of new road. On either side of the approach, set back behind rows of young trees, were apartment

buildings also seen from his drawing board.

Enriquez became aware of quick feet tapping on the pavement behind him. Then there was a girl's voice calling his name. He stopped, turned, and waited for her.

It was de Fells's daughter, Juana, a usually carefully shapeliness beauty whom he had often seen, but seldom spoken to. During his visits to her father, she sometimes lingered, listened to the conversation, but never entering into it.

"I've got to talk to you," she said. Enriquez stopped roughly. "Do you want to have me shot? I'm in enough trouble as it is."

"That's what I want to talk about. There are a few things you should know."

Enriquez found himself silent, but he insisted, "Look, youngster—someone is sure to see us before long and that would be no enjoyment for you as for me."

She seemed to ponder, then looked nervously around before saying, "All right. I'll come to you at the hotel about two in the morning."

"Do that," said Enriquez, trying not to grin. He knew that she would be safely tucked in bed at that hour—

that even though she seemed to have escaped her father's servants' eyes, she'd have no chance of doing that at night.

She appeared to him gratefully and ran back to the direction from which she had come.

Reaching the hotel, Enriquez went immediately to the top floor—the floor that was taken up by "The Tavern," Felipe, the head waiter came over and sat down with him. There was no one else in the place.

"You won't have me for a customer much longer," Enriquez informed him.

"I know, but you'll get on all right."

"I can't understand it, Felipe. Why could they keep decided so suddenly?"

"You have too many ideas," replied the waiter, accepting a cigarette. "You made certain suggestions about bringing in American business engineers and other experts."

Enriquez hurried to protest, "But they were only casually made remarks."

Felipe said, "What I'll bring something to drink." When he returned with glasses and a bottle, he went on, "A small group of landowners like de Fells ran this colony, and will continue to do so just as long as we have a feudal economy."

"But they'll be made richer if this becomes a port again."

"Then, then! But there'll be new rich men too, power will spread into new hands. When they heard you first, they thought they could build a new new buildings without endangering a way of life that suited them."

Sometime later in another customer—and Felipe rose hastily, leaving Enriquez alone.

Enriquez's gaze wandered around the walls of "The Tavern." Even in this modern building, the door gleamed a long gone period.

Twelve feet of curving wall was

recessed as a fireplace. But in that climate, no fire would ever be needed. No, indeed, a bar had been built in where guests would never lack. Over this was emblazoned the city's coat of arms, bright in blue and red and silver.

Benches hung high up, making a lattice, bright contrast to the dark hue of cedar beams.

And between the huge windows were helmets and carvings, painted tapestries, and even of stone and half-burnt, their blades catching the light and shimmering.

"Good! Well, I believe," said a voice at his elbow. The speaker was a tall, pale young man.

Enriquez didn't think he liked him. He said, "Yes."

"I am Francisco Ramos de Madrazo," said the stranger pompously. "Hardly you've heard of me."

Enriquez checked dryly. "I don't move in society circles as you'll observe. I don't pronounce my words very well."

De Madrazo said, "Now do you respect our customs very much?"

Enriquez stiffened and said stiffly, "What do you mean by that?" he demanded roughly.

"Meetings with unmarried women of firmly acquired the presence of proper—or—contaminated. No referring of course to my fiancée, Juana de Fells."

There was no point in denying it. Enriquez thought quickly and lied. "She wanted to say good-bye; you needn't worry about it." He pointed at a chair.

But the tall man shook his head. "Just keep away from her that's all." And he was gone, striding stiffly out.

Felipe came back and set down again.

That night, as he wandered whether Juana de Fells would come, Enriquez knew became more and more un-

way. For a while he stood on his balcony, smoking and watching the lights of the town flick out one by one.

Then, restless, he went inside and sat down with a book. He must have closed, for she was inside the apartment before he realized it.

Enrique felt in his pocket for the key to "The Tavern," which he had borrowed from Felipe. Then he went in, smiling cheerfully.

"You are a little fool," he said, but he was glad that she had come. He told her where they were going and led the way out and up the stairs.

They jumped sometimes against tables and chairs before he managed to light one of the lamps over the bar. "I don't think that'll show to anyone below," he teased aloud.

They sat down, facing each other across a table.

She asked, "Why did you come here in the first place—to this coffee, I

mean?"

"Perhaps," said Enrique hesitantly. "I came because I've remained a Spaniard."

She whispered, "This isn't Spain—Enrique—only the names are Spanish. This is just a fresh outpost where a few families hold these places by keeping around remembering alive."

"I've started to get that idea," he grinned, touched by her confidence.

"Because if we didn't," she continued, "people might forget to live to the de Felles and the de Madaras and the rest of them."

"And the de Madaras," added Enrique, remembering the tall man who had challenged him.

"What do you know of Francisco de Madaras?" she wanted to know.

"I met him this afternoon."

He went around the table and sat down beside her.

"Father brought him here to marry me," said Juan.

"You wouldn't have had any say in that," decided Enrique.

"When he wanted an architect, he brought in the best. When he wanted a husband for me, he found one with the right pedigree."

"Where do I fit in?" asked Enrique.

"I used your name. That's why father's letting them throw you out."

"How?"

"If I tell you a bit more about de Madaras, it will help. He's an opportunist who has nothing except his very pretty bank accounts. He's ingratiated himself with a number of the big men and promised them that he'd try and persuade father to act against you."

"Obviously he succeeded."

"Not by any talking of his own. You see, Francisco had realized how much I dislike him. So he suggested that the wedding should be hurried so I took flight and eloped them both. There was a horrible scene and

I married out that I wanted to marry you."

"Well, that was brilliant," Enrique murmured to say. "You hardly know me."

"I know you a lot better than that quack from Madrid. But, of course, it was something I said without really thinking. You're about the only young man who has bravely visited the house."

Suddenly the great round room was full of light. Lights that shined at their untidy eyes. And a hoarse, new voice said, "Isn't this cozy?"

It was Francisco de Madaras. He was smiling and he held a gun in his hand.

"What the hell?" cried Enrique.

"My men has gone to bring Señor de Felles," grinned de Madaras. "He's going to be very embarrassed when he learns that his precious daughter's just a slut."

Patron, the architect made to move.



**ADVICE TO THOSE WHO
HONOUR
ANNIVERSARIES**

When a man goes up his smoking,
he cramps his style a bit;
and he cramps yours too,
when seeking
for some present he hasn't got,
but don't let this deter you;
don't wince and have regrets . . .
just pass him (and how he'll
praise you!)
a Packet of Cigarettes

— JAY-PAY

but James clung to him, holding him back. De Miederra waved the gun in warning.

"What do you expect to gain by this?"

"It's quite simple. James's little carbant the other day, has soaked your guns—and that's fine. But it didn't do me any good either. Pappa de Fella's not sure that I'm the right bridgecase, after all. He still wants a son-in-law with a family crest, but I fancy he may want to look further for him. He's a desperate little snake when you come to think of it. But if I wanted to spread this little bit of news abroad, with suitable exaggeration, he'd never get anyone to come out to this hole."

Enrique felt the hot blood rushing. He wanted to destroy that snake. He pushed James's arm away.

De Miederra now how angry the architect had become, and pushed the gun forward once. He was enjoying himself. His mouth was thin as steel, sparkling, mocking.

Enrique stood as long as he could. Alone he might have called the fol-

low earlier, but there was James to think of too. But at last, he could listen to it all no longer. He began to move, not towards the world-be blackmailer, but towards the wall.

"Get back there," cried de Miederra, "I'm warning you."

To Enrique, the words floated without passing through his rage. The gun went off and he leaped for the wall. His hands closed around a smooth, round haft, and, as de Miederra shot again, he tore the ancient weapon from its bracket.

He felt the shock of the bullet and a mist became a fog and then everything was clear again. James was screaming and de Miederra was screaming too and pulling the trigger of the automatic. But Francisco de Miederra did not aim well, for his eyes were not on the changing target, but on the invisible black of the barrel—before it caught him in the face and drove him apart.

When Miguel de Fella arrived, he hardly glanced at the men that had been the chamber. He turned to the side of his now-empty chamber. For with several bullets in him, Enrique Vinas was stubbornly refusing to die.

High, against the beams, the banners of Old Spain seemed to blow more proudly.

As Enrique watched, and won his fight, he clutched the gun tighter. And he called a protest in the strange Spanish that was natural to him.

To-day, they're busy in that town. They're bleeding new things with the old things in that past and future make a splendid present. The wealth of Miguel de Fella and the genius of Enrique Vinas have been combined.

Philip, head writer of "The Towers," is a man who doesn't run much. And according to him, they are talking of incorporating a ballroom in the city's coat of arms.



"That's Mr. Misch! Isn't he the beautiful thing?"

"GAY BLADES" — Stripped And Honed By GIBSON



In older times shaving was a rugged affair . . . with the aid of a straight cut and a towel that you yanked the beard out one whisker at a time . . . If you were not tough enough for this job . . .

Just let things slide and run the risk of being called a sissy . . .

The first shave was a real thrill . . . but now shaved as by hand and the "razz" removed with woman's real blazers . . .

Then came the greatest tribute adventure of all . . . a shave with an old-fashioned "out-throat" razor. This was also a good way to remind yourself of your masculine policy from beyond . . .



The advent of brushless shaving cream and the safety razor brought on one of our greatest . . . the business of whether working . . .



Until long ago gay started down hairy heads with the thing helps in the future . . . the most . . . you've bought a blade of just a fancy hole with some tin around it . . .

Shaveless in the form of the electric razor had come on the scene . . . that from making the art of shaving into a child's play it also gave the male a chance to compete with the female in certain occasions . . .

It is involved, though . . . we spend our early years removing hair from the face and the last years doing our domestic trying to make it grow on the top of our heads . . .



STRANGER and Stranger



JOHN FEE, INC. . . .

In London a certain (two, somewhat ambiguously, prefers to remain anonymous) is conducting a one-man campaign against motorists . . . especially those whose perverted delight it is to pursue painted pedestrians from pavement to pavement over street-courages. Method: The ingenious character has equipped himself with a small automobile horn. Whenever he deems to cross a street, he toots lustily and adroitly. Presumably, road-hogs are then expected (a) to sit themselves into returns in their dromys, or (b) to break frantically to a dead stop, the better to survey the latest modern chaos.

FACING KIDNEY-BODIES . . .

Kidney, poor nerve-shattered parent (and, perhaps, child-psychologist . . . neighbor or otherwise . . .) had better prepare to retire from business! Mr. Harry S. Ray, of Hollywood (California) has patented an apparatus which, he claims, will prove an infallible remedy for "saving the organs of the lysely, intrinsically cold." The invention is a *Shower bed* for one (1). Explains Mr. Ray: "By having skin to answer by itself, the unsympathetic child need no longer suffer the horrors of day-care when seeking a companion for the ordinary shower. My shower has a seat at only one end. On the horizontal bar on which the statue rests,

there are also two vertical bars. A faucet and two handles are provided and, with these, the child can raise himself up and down all alone." (No mention is made of what happens if you choose to use intrusive bars and they both want to retire at once).

THE CLINGING KID . . .

Care, gum-masters! Fear no more for your false teeth. No longer need you worry that your upper and lower dentures may be unaccountably fused together. A new flesh report that Royal E. Goldschmidt, of London (England), has solved your problem. Mr. Goldschmidt has designed dentures "containing single and multiple artificial teeth and containing one or several magnets in different positions." He claims that the magnets make the teeth to all intents and purposes inseparable.

BUSY ANTS . . .

American scientists are hard at work on experiments to rear colonies of useful working ants. They are interested in the species that are industrious and frugal—not the harvest or insect-destroying types. The idea is not a new one. For purposes of biological control of insect pests, ants have been used in China (particularly to eradicate cotton bugs and caterpillars) for more than 500 years.



"I'll be glad to see this show fold . . . I'm sick and tired of the same old faces . . ."

do
you
ever
see
DOUBLE?



But maybe we can't blame you, especially when
you're a member of our
all-luxurated (yes, having) club. This is the
Came demonstrating how to freeze a red-hot number
steps of freeze than using a refrigerator. Consider...

CARNIVALCRAZE August 1952



Here's that pant poppet, Hollywood's Penny Edwards... who knows how to
dance. AND to show you a Double Exposure in the same time. Now don't sleep
it, isn't she worth turning your eyes into a permanent squint? To tell the truth, we
won't neither even the most noted of obnoxious even if she makes us eat table
Hollywood knows her as "The I-Don't-Dance Girl" but, we care kindly.

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But Penny isn't alone in her story . . . she has — we won't say rivals — peers. This, for example, is 17-year-old Melissa Lane McCall — also of Hollywood — and according to her biographer she's wondering how she would look on a Ringling-type beauty. Well, that may be so . . . and she can wonder all she likes . . . but she's got us concerned. By the way, that footnote in the background . . . who was the dot who placed it there to divert attention from the general women?

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HEARTENING . . .

An extra and far bleeping slow a patient whose heart stops on the operating table is reported in "The Journal of the American Medical Association." The treatment according to the "Journal" consists of pinching closed the aorta (the big artery that carries blood from the heart). The pinching is done at a level that keeps blood from going to the lower part of the body, so that as much as possible will go to the brain and to the heart-muscle itself. As soon as the surgeon sees the heart has stopped, even in a single second operation, he takes a knife, makes a hold slash across the patient's chest and without hesitation thrusts his hand between the lower ribs and begins squeezing the aorta. A skilled surgeon can do this in half a minute. If it is not done in five minutes it is generally too late.

STILL VOICES . . .

The Washington University Medical School (U.S.) had released details of a new brain operation to stop "the screaming voices which some mental patients think they hear." In the operation, a group of cells (the size of a fingerprint and called "the amygdaloid nucleus") is removed from what is called "the temporal lobe" on each side of the brain. To

prevent operations (known as "perforated lobotomy"), these brain cells were released, through certain other fibres ("the worry fibres") in the front of the brain were cut. The School quotes a case history of a young man, who found "the voices were so bad that he had to give up his job, could not enjoy reading and, at times, even drank off to another city in a vain effort to escape his tormentors." Six weeks after the operation the young man was in all talents and purposes cured, the "voices" having become only indistinct noises without words.

ANTI-PAIN WAVES . . .

"Soundings" treatments, consisting of measuring with high frequency sound waves that cannot be heard by the human ear, can relieve pain about as well as heat and electricity, reports the Chushing Veterans Administration Hospital (U.S.) Hospital doctors. However, warn that these ultrasonic treatments are not cures in the sense of affecting the causes of various diseases. They also advise against "sounding" patients with heart trouble, pregnant women and regions of aching bones, sex glands and eyes. Caution, they emphasize, should not be treated by ultrasonics, as there is a grave danger of shortening the patient's life.

When the peasants arrived they marched on London under Wat Tyler; but history has forgotten the men behind him

LISTER WAY



JOHN BALL'S DREAM

IT was on June 12 that an army besieged London. It had appeared suddenly and marched swiftly, giving the government no time to prepare. The King had a small body of troops at his disposal, but not sufficient for the attack. His main forces were wisely scattered, and the besieging army blocked any possibility of immediate reinforcement.

But the walls of London were strong, and it was the year 1381, when strong walls with a small, disinterested force belied them just

security. The gates were closed, a leading citizen was assigned to each—to give the alarm whenever an attack was made—and the government was confident. It would hold out, and if it did the attacking army would melt away.

For it was an army of thirty thousand peasants—armed with the crudest weapons, utterly untrained and presumably undisciplined. They had come together almost overnight on what looked like a spontaneous rising. Faced with a stalemate, it was believed, they would disperse as quickly. In fact, Richard II sent an experienced mercenary commanding them to go home.

Instead of obeying, the woolly army moved on the city. Only then did the Court realize that this was no spontaneous rising. The rebels not only marched on the city—they marched into the city. They took complete command of London, pausing on the way to burn some houses

They were very special houses—the property of Lord Mayor Watworth, one of the most hated of the King's advisers. They were treasure, the main source of Watworth's wealth, and stocked with weapons imported from the continent. The international wool slave traffic enjoyed high-placed patronage in those days.

Meanwhile the main body of the army marched to the Tower, where the King and his councilors and non-vi-vens had retreated. There, the army camped, and intercepted and via food sent to cheer a refugee government.

There were not sets of an undisciplined mob. They followed a pre-arranged plan—a plan with startling features. First there was the burning area with which they passed through the south of London, where respectable citizens were guarding the herds and all gates. The gates were thrown open, and not a drop of blood was shed.

The timing was perfect. Apparently unconnected moves were closely co-ordinated. The unswerving consensus of the leaders made it clear that they knew exactly where they were going, and how, and why.

It was a situation that could not arise suddenly out of a storm of angry discontent; it was the sort of thing that could come about only as a result of long, careful and detailed preparation, of eloquent organization over a large part of England, of swift transmission of information, instructions, principles of action.

No wonder the government was caught off guard? These men were deliberate mobs, dispersed over the entire countryside. How was it possible to weld such scattered, unorganizing material into a force capable of overthrowing the nation? Or to fire them with a single purpose?

The government had known that

results would come. The abuses and extortion of a corrupt Court were having resistance. It was on the looking always for excitement, for armed mobs, for uprisings, angry slings.

And just because of that, it was utterly unprepared for the calmly disciplined army that entered London. Least of all was it prepared to discover leading citizens of the city taking their places in the army, taking orders from an officer whose hands were hardened by toil.

Mr. Tyler commanded. Conventional history credits him with having created the peasants by a crude type of grandiloquence. The plain fact, however, is that Wat Tyler's name does not appear in any record until less than a week before the fall of London—after the disciplined ranks of leading peasants had already formed.

But who called that rebellion mass? Who arranged the deflections during which the objectives of the army were clearly stated and unanimously accepted, during which a leader was given?

That was the work of one of the most remarkable men in English history: John Ball, St. Mary Priory, of York, then of Colchester. What he achieved in June, 1381, was the climax of over twenty years of patient, skillful preparation.

With a deep conviction, he preached the basic brotherhood and equality of man. He was reportedly imprisoned, barred from the pulpit, disowned by his Bishop, so he preached in the market-place and wherever people were gathered. And they listened.

But John Ball knew that, even if his sermons could reach the ears of the nobles, it would make no difference. He made it his mission, first, to build his own living conviction



BEVERLY LONSWORTH LEE



GOODNIGHT *Sweet Stockwhip*

Although the Australian makers of tough, durable whips of kangaroo hide are renowned the world over, the craft is fast dying out

THIS may be the much maligned machine age—or even the atom age—but there are still a few conservative handicraftsmen left among Australia's expert stockwhip makers.

At present the crimes of unskilled kangaroo chieftens are the principal lament of this decreasing breed.

"Can you believe that anyone would try a kangaroo hide out in the open?" one oldtimer wanted to know recently, as he fondled one with a dim indignant eye. "By the time a whipmaker gets

these hides they are practically useless."

The whipmaker's business is not what it used to be. The golden age of Australia's supremacy in this field passed on the wane. True, there are still whipmakers who are active after 40 years of expert skill on stockwhips, belts, side straps and riding crops that brought world renown to the art; but they are a dying race.

It seems to be the old story of bigger rewards and better demands

for other types of work. A few enthusiasts are at present learning the intricacies of whipmaking, but as a hobby rather than as a business.

"A stockwhip usually measures seven and a half or eight feet," explained an old maker who readily knew the craft. "A good one should crack itself."

One of the finest stockwhips ever made measured 33 feet, the handle was so big that the owner, Australia's famous "Sah Bush Bill," could hardly get his hand around it and the weight had to be supported under his armpit.

The whip was eventually sold to Marlon's Buckjumping Show.

The great secret of making a perfect stockwhip lies in the perfect balance between the thong and the handle, almost as much as in the art of plaiting the strands of leather. Practically anyone can be taught to plait leather; but only years of experience can impart the knowledge of balance . . .

Nobody could deny Cecil Henderson's rank as a stockwhip maker. It is said that he is—or at any rate was—the only man who could plait words into the finely woven leather that covers the whip handles.

One of the best of the plaited masterpieces he made was awarded two medals at the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley. Woven of two tones of fine kangaroo hide, it was an English riding crop. The word plaited into one end of the handle was (very appropriately), "Australia."

During his career Cecil Henderson made many whips and riding crops with the owner's names woven into them. Sometimes, he included the address or the name of a station property. Practically every region in the Commonwealth can boast of a Henderson whip.

The same craftsman also designed special whips for the greatest cowboy contests for many a long run—the

late Will Rogers—and through him Australian-made whips were introduced to some of the leading riders of America.

In the early days of Hollywood's movie triumphs in the cowboy and Indian tradition, the almost fabulous harness, "Hokey" Baker, introduced Australian stockwhips.

Through the influence of "Hokey" Baker, a Hollywood whip dealer placed an order for eight dozen of Australia's finest stockwhips with a Sydney maker. All of them were destined to be before the cameras in the hands of the film stars.

Probably one of the most famous Australian-made whips in Hollywood was specially designed to save the life of Douglas Fairbanks, Senior, in the film "Sea of Cortez."

In the film story it was necessary for that famous Jack-of-the-Knife Fairbanks to throw the whip over a high wall so that he could hold himself up to safety. In order to make sure that the whip would be strong enough to hold the film star's weight, a length of piano wire was woven into the thong . . . even though Cecil Henderson, who made it for Fairbanks, was quite confident that the whip would have held him without the wire.

The strength and durability of a well-made Australian stockwhip is so commonplace that they might be considered almost indestructible. A maker of the old school supplied a whip to a Queensland cattle station 30 years ago. He had it returned to him recently for a slight repair. It had been in use by a driver ever since he bought it.

Some stockwhip makers have been in business so long that the family name has become almost inseparable from the craft. For example, the firm that started in Sydney as "T. Henderson and Sons, Station Stockwhip Makers and Export Plaiters," grew

out of an enterprise started by F. Henderson, in Victoria, in 1882. At least four generations of Hendersons were whipmakers.

One of the first of the many interesting customers to patronize the Henderson business (after they transferred the business from Dandenong in Victoria) was Captain Taylor, who was an R.M.S. "Horseman" when the Duke of Windsor, then Prince of Wales, paid his historic visit to Australia. His Royal Highness celebrated his birthday in the port of Sydney, and the whip was a gift which later was used at the Prince's ranch, "R.P.," in Africa.

As a memento, the whipmaker was presented with a photograph of H.M.S. "Horseman." Autographs on the photograph included Admiral Lord Halsey, Lord Louis Mountbatten and Edward F. (now Duke of Windsor).

Cowboys and buckjumpers all over the world take a pride in their whips and there are many examples of Australian workmanship scattered throughout the American West, and even in other parts of the United States.

A well-known horse breeder in Vermont gives his opinion that his stock-when outsiders can turn out a better article than the famed bull whip which is so popular with American cowhands.

There was also a time when many cattle (and some notorious Australians, who were not actively associated with the cattle, took an interest in whips.

When the Sydney-born whip cracker, Dan Hammett, displayed his skill for George V, the King was so pleased with the performance that he presented Hammett with a diamond pin and he showed keen interest in the workmanship of the whip.

The Melbourne Cup, also, has been won by a rider whose name, "J

Moore," was woven into the riding crop by a Henderson. Famous horsemen, even so far out in the far blue yonder, as Kenya, Rhodesia, Tanganyika and India, have commissioned Australian whips.

And how is all this accomplished? Well . . .

The only tools required by a whipmaker, other than his own gift for the work, are a couple of planes, sandpaper, nails and a good leather splitter.

The handle of a whip is made over a core of highly tempered steel (or iron bar, if steel is unavailable). It is so hard that a file is dulled against it. Over the core, 11 strands of split cane form the base of the best handles. Thin leather strands are played over these former, but they differ in almost every whip.

The last flickering lesson in the stockwhip maker's trade occurred when the American Servicemen stationed here during the last war found their way into the last disappearing workshops of Australian makers.

There are instances on record of G.I.'s whose hobby was stockwhips, spending most of their leave watching the making of whips.

"I put 28 feet of the best kangaroo hide I could buy into a whip for one of those American soldiers," remembered an observer at the point. But within a matter of minutes he was back on the whipmaker's floor. "It wasn't easy to get good hide. The blasted shooters don't seem to know any better than to try the kangaroo skins on the men. The minute the tannery put the hide in tanning solution, what happened? They fell in line! If a kangaroo hide isn't dried in the shade it's no good. The material isn't all dried out and you couldn't make a first rate stockwhip—even if you wanted to—with the hides on the market these days."



Jack Tynan

"Well, well, if it isn't the O'Keefe's. This is a surprise. The wife invites you again!"

BRICK or TIMBER

take your choice

Planned for a wide frontage, CAVALCADE'S home suggestion for this month would look its best in a semirural setting such as is found in the outer suburbs.

The home is destined to be built in timber but the plan could quite easily be adapted for brick construction.

The living quarters are grouped at one end of the house, the entry being across the stone paved terrace into the living room. The dining room is off the living room, with a wide opening so that both rooms could be used as one on occa-

sion. The kitchen serves direct into the dining room and is approached from the outside by means of a covered porch.

Each of the two bedrooms has a built-in wardrobe and there is a linen and coat cupboard opening from the hall. Large windows are a feature of the plan, thus making the most of the type of setting the house is planned for.

The minimum frontage required to accommodate this house is 60 feet and the overall area of the plan 960 square feet.

THE HOME OF TO-DAY (No. 91)

Prepared by
W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.



calling All cranks

GAT DOTLE

A plaintive wail as the disappearance of the mad, unbalanced quakes whose the tantalizing types like to label as cranks.

MUCH as it may distress connoisseurs of the sane and the sane, I am forced to report that something once amazing, educational and even indispensable is fast vanishing from the civilized scene.

I refer, of course, to The Grand Colic of Cranks . . . those magnificent inventors who, through the centuries, have persistently reared their unruly heads to spread alarm and discord among the all-too-standardized ranks of "Homo Sapiens."

Then, suddenly and without warning, there fell a kind of killing frost and they were blighted and withered, so that today you may tramp the highways and byways until you become God's Greatest Gift to the Cuddling Trade and yet not stumble across a solitary authentic specimen of the species.

In your travels, you will, of course, encounter a sufficient of those lesser souls who—swayed (and dumbly admired) by their neighbors—have been titled "Bromvics," "Wupfles and boggles, naturals and futurists, madists and radists, no-batters, tap-batters, and-batters, per-chance even some less survivors of the



Spots Pigeons . . . you may have met with them all.

But beware! Do not be deluged into accepting these poor substitutes as The Dinkum Col. It would be a very grave error. The Genuine, Certified Crank has little in common with the humble "Bromvic." The "Bromvic" because as he does just by the pure fun—or the pure hell—of it. The "Cranks" on the other hand, in its

godly earnest.

Example? Well, consider first a certain typist whose one-ideaism was recently revealed by an English psychologist.

This typist (we gather) was almost invariably fond of pigs. Indeed, she insisted on keeping three of them in a large box in the family kitchen.

The job which she selected to share this homely comfort consisted of one (1) python and two (2) tea-con-sultants.

Roused by a very excruciating curiosity, the psychologist promptly asked the wench "what her parents thought about her choice of house-pigments?"

"That should they think?" she counter-queried in starchy reproach. "They're intelligent people!"

Whereupon the psychologist briskly allowed the matter to drop. Which seems a shame, for both he and we have been posed a most problem. Was this subject A Genuine Crank? And yet will please defer from all showing of one. The answer is obviously a resounding "NO!"

And why? Well, the mere har-bouring of super-superiority is in itself no symptom of a delirious Crankiness. The English subject seems to have cherished her python for the unadorned hell of it . . . and nothing else. Then, under the rules—she is automatically deferred from the premises of Crankdom. At best, she can be classed as no more than a High-Grade "Bromvic."

If, however, the whorlwind had indulged in a "Born-the-World-for-Serpinity-Serpinity" and had launched a nationwide campaign for what-funder current political conditioned seems to be an undeniably laudable idea—no wit, that wretched demented snuff from the globe it has so grossly mismanaged and riled the snakes a chance—she might have made the grade.

So far, so good. Now let us consider another example.

Around Sydney, were still wandering the dim wealth of one Master Chidley who some moons ago inherited three in the flesh. It was his un-giving custom to stroll the Sydney thoroughfares, garbed in a costume which made him clearly reminiscent of an escapee from the Olympic Games.

Noted in the most despatches of cotton athletes' exploits and a pair of shorts so battered as to approach being a Public Nuisance, the Master moved majestically on his way, evoking incessantly in support of a peculiar Mistrust about which no one has to this moment distinguished the full details.

In broad outline, Chidley seems to

have been a self-appointed "To-Ball-Web-The-Tufors, Committee." He came out vigorously for Bessie Reform . . . and the less Bessie the better, so far as he was concerned. But in addition to this attitude, he also propounded an obscure set of economic reforms, based mainly on the alleged misfeasance of all Girls' Guffiness . . . who the asserted wildly caused financial depression and cynicism by entering an ineffective guffiness to bankrupt themselves by buying of all things . . . CLOTHES.

Which is also why the Masters must be chased, not as in "Bromvics," but as "A Genuine Crank." Chidley was desperately in earnest. He actually believed the Masters he spotted and acted accordingly. Given sufficient encouragement, he probably would have been only too happy to count again on a couple of weaving-mills.

If suitably assisted by the gods themselves, the English typist would, in all probability, have succeeded her python friends without demerit. But not so Chidley! Still wrapped in the cloth of his philosophy, he would have marched proudly to the mills and hung his master's tale on a long-banquet.

So there you have the line which divides "Bromvics" from "Cranks" . . . the one on side fellow who (consciously or unconsciously) delights in spreading his more desolate brethren by pushing snakes, the other a devotee, a prophet, unconcerned by lack of honour in his own country and supremely confident of the value of the reforms he advances.

That was Chidley, and he was not then alone in his glory. Even in my childhood, the Australian Outback was infested by a strange tribe who, garbed chiefly in a beard and what may have been a woollen night-shirt bound by a rope, roved the

BACK to Backus, Clara

Mum should go back to the lower organisms, germs, insects, plants and animals to learn how to avoid undesirable primitive traits and avoid war, claims Dr. Paul Backus, of Yale (U.S.) University. "These things to three without the idea of class struggle," points out the doctor. "The insects, plants and animals also co-operate in largely open, which afford great advantages for survival and advancement."

counterside protection the limited dissipation of everything earthly.

There were more such; but all paled before the now seemingly ancient "Bush Hater" whose—under the nickname of "Cranky Jack"—Stella Radd has immortalized in his much-mutilated, half-forgotten but still indelible classic of the Back-of-Beyond, "On Our Selection."

For the benefit of any unhappy, underprivileged, conscientious who have looked either the wit or the opportunity to seem "On Our Selection," we would explain that Cranky Jack is a misanthropic moon who wandered somewhere between the Original Living Skeleton and a hay-stack arrived uninvited and uninvited by at the Radd household and applied for a job. Dad Radd momentarily launched the subject of water. "Don't want more!" Jack replied. Dad answered him on the spot. He indicated the wood-heap and set Jack cutting slabs for the fire.

Then Dad himself faded into the Far Blue Yonder to pluck corn.

At about 10 o'clock, Mum Radd hospitably brought Jack a cup of tea. Jack ignored her and continued chomping viciously. Mum set the cup of tea on the ground and withdrew to the horizon. About an hour later, she again appeared into the yard. The cup of tea was still on the ground.

Unnoticed, except for a faint layer of chips, had Jack had ceased chomping. He was staring blankly at the wood-heap. Mum Radd helpfully inquired if anything was bothering him. "There's in the wood!" Jack pointed at her misanthropic. "What?" asked Mum Radd, again. "There's in the wood!" Jack repeated with extra venom. "They'll never get out!" "Who'll never get out?" inquired Mum, returning rapidly. "We better the Devil!" Jack growled menacingly. "He's in the wood or he'll never get out!"

With underhanded presence of mind, Mum harried him in the home-stead. A long afternoon passed, broken only by Jack's angry chomping and occasional screams when those of the Radd brood whom Mum had actually barred outside the hut sought sanctuary down the chimney.

Finally, Dad Radd strolled back from his corn plucking . . . to find his family in a state of panic and Jack still busily chomping.

"I ain't a devil! We better the Devil, he'll never get out!" Jack explained to Dad. Dad went on chomping.

It seems to Dad Radd's credit that he recognized Jack for what he was . . . A Genuine Crank. . . In short, a Man With A Cause. And when it dawned on Dad that, even if Jack's Cause consisted of a lethal determination to assassinate his father the Devil, it also demanded a terrific amount of wood-chomping, he naturally notified his family and con-

tinued to employ Jack on the original wage-scale.

As there is no record of "Cranky Jack" ever having earned and measured his father the Devil, let suggest also, and as he never asked for a rise in wages and seemed content to live on a diet of stale groats, it may be presumed that Dad's judgment had not been at fault.

Of course, the out-and-only Stale may be fairly accused of some exaggeration in his portrayal of Jack; but in Jack you have the epitome of all "Bush Haters." Not all of them, for example, had Jack's homicidal tendencies; their tastes in philosophy varied; but most of them were nearly as bad.

Especially I remember one whose Mission in Life was to demonstrate that the drinking of malarky spirits was both Wrong and Harmful. He struggled unavailingly with tapers of the potent brew. With malarky rhetoric, he impressed on them the evil which they were inflicting on both body and mind. He urged them to toss aside the heavy cup and be reformed. All they had to do (the emphasis!) was to concoct a stew, wait until it reached boiling-point, then dump into it four dozens of nettles, virgin and unspiced and eat the resultant hell-broth aided on a slice of bread. By the method only, he pointed, would such a starchy concoction suffer unpleasant heart-burns after a cold-broth.

That man was undoubtedly a pitiful, pitiful, three-star crank. He killed himself trying to prove his theories.

But don't let us run away with the error that Australia had a monopoly of "Cranks." Long before Australia was thought of, England — to select just one country-sourish spot — was crisscrossed with madmen who were cranks (and sometimes supercranks) of the "Bush

Haters."

Take, for instance, one Henry Walley, "The Hermit of Gosh Street," who prospered between 1818 and 1838.

When Henry was about 50 years old, an attempt was made to pluck him on the street. After this incident, he had no difficulty in detecting that even if mankind may be divided into fools and knaves, they are all potential homicides. It was therefore (Henry assessed) his plain duty to keep himself alive by staying well out of their reach.

This Henry made his Cause and he achieved it so valiantly that he locked himself in his dwelling for 44 years, finally emerging only after a gang of hussars had smashed through an accumulated hoap of garbage to admit an undertaker.

Then there was Master Roger Clark, who in the 17th Century caused the protests of Bethune Green to gaze like veritable Saracens. Master Clark ruled his house under the auspices of the "Most-Exalted-Magnificent Association." He preached that "It was a sin against his body and soul to eat any kind of fish, flesh or living creature; or to drink any wine, ale or beer; his dirty body was roots and herbs, green, deep-green and brown; his drink water; his clothing sack-cloth; his household expenses three-farthings a week."

But why continue? These were the "Cranks" in their splendor. Now they are gone and perhaps we shall not look upon their like again.

Unfortunately as it may be, the Genuine Crank is on the way out. And for what reason? Can it be that the world is breeding such a tangled undergrowth of puny "Eccentrics" that the Authentic Crank is smothered before he can fight his way through the jungle and gain his full stature?

It gives one furiously to think.



Advice for Adolescent Ambassadors: A diplomat is a man who always remembers a lady's birthday—and forgets her age. This naturally resulting in that a diplomatic "approachment" is a transaction in which each party thinks that he is cheating the other one. Which, of course, should be sufficient warning never to conduct an important interview without having a third person present—even if it's only a telephone. Moreover, a telephone has one tremendous thing in its favor: it doesn't take your mind off your fear of stonks by crossing its legs in the middle of a paragraph. Section for Sophisticates: To say you understand women is bad manners, to really understand them is bad manners. Moreover, it just is dear to some women; they take one dose after another. Our Movie Man-About-Town reports blankly that you soon lose interest in reading a woman like a book when you learn that she belongs to a circulating library. Corner for Citizens: According to Our Sonographer-Who-Knows-All-The-Answers, it's much better to have a big bad wolf in front of the house than on top of the house behind. And this, apparently, inspired her to announce that her girl-friend stayed out all night the other night and returned with a little rent in her stocking. Burlesque for Puppets: A thing of beauty gets you sides forever. Many girls attain their ends by not taking enough exercise. Sweater girls are excellent teachers—they outline things so clearly. Distraction Department: There's a horn here drifting about asserting bitterly that she thought he was a sort of distraction but he turned out to be a horn. Which reminds us that a child psychologist is a fellow who can tell what to do with other people's children, but whose neighbors would like to tell him what to do with his own. To a married man one of the expenses of life is what the children do with their money. Sales Remembrance: The triumph of mind over matter. One of the things that cannot be preserved in alcohol is dignity. Fitting in Calgary, Canada, an Indian was recently arrested on a charge of intoxication. His name was Cyril Drunkardhead. A man, they say, is as old as he feels. A woman, we might add, is as old as she feels like admitting. Madras Wife: Hoping to get some place so you can hurry back. The man who proposes on bended knee may never get back on his feet. Conversation Piece: Whoever named it really tells you a poor judge of quantity.

Our Sherry Story: An enterprising little boy rabbit and a cute little girl rabbit got lost in the Bush one night. Boy! ... did they have a hair-raising experience then?

KATH
RING

A SNIFF OF MURDER

BY PHIL BELBIN
AND SYDNEY COHENSON

BOTH KING LOOKS FOR-
WARD WITH SOME
PLEASE TO TO
WILL TO GREETINGS
WHENLY COLLECTED HOME
OF MARY L. A PRESENT
ENGAGEMENT



THE ALWAYS GREET THE
THANKS CARL REPORTER
RECEIVED

THIS IS GOING TO BE A
LOVELY JOB
YOU'LL FIND
PLenty TO WRITE
ABOUT THIS PLACE



INVITED TO STAY FOR TWO OR THREE DAYS TO WRITE UP THE LOVELY LADY WITH HIM IN THE PLACE COMFORTABLE AND INFORMAL.



YET AT DINNER THE WEALTHY FEELS STRANGELY STRESSED AND FORMAL FOR THREE CAREFREE PEOPLE WHO ARE SURROUNDED BY LUXURY.



KATH IS ATTEMPTING TO BRING ABOUT BETTER MENTIONS IS COMING YET.

I KNOW A THREE-HANDED GAME OF WHIST...
I PLAY SOLITAIRE.



DURING THE EVENING KATH REALIZES THAT THE WEALTHY LADY HAS NOT COMING ON HER GAME SHE IS SITTING BEHIND...



FINALLY, WITH GLIDING ANDERSON, SHE MEETS THE BOSS.



AFTER WATCHING THE WEALTHY LADY GO, SHE COMES TO THE LADY SHE SEES THAT HE IS DEEPLY WORRIED. THIS IS NOT A HAPPY HOUSE.



I THINK I'LL GO TO BED FOR NOW.



KATH REMEMBERS THIS IS A HOUSE OF PROFOUND UNHAPPINESS.



I FEEL BETTER AFTER THAT CHARGE LIKE SOME MUSIC.



DON'T YOU LIKE TO DANCE LADY WHO? MY DANCE A LOVELY DANCE.



A LOVELY DANCE, YES, BUT HE DOESN'T WANT TO DANCE NOW.



KATH IS SURPRISED AT THE CHANGE IN LADY ANDERSON BUT THE WEALTHY REMAINS.



DON'T MIND MY MOODS. WHEN KATH I GET TERRIBLE HEADACHES.







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CAVALCADE, August, 1952 76

父之生上國世
 主齊東風雨也



When she thought I was dropped,
 she drew a plaque from her dress

SHE WAS A PERFE. PRETTY
 ENGAGING GIRL BUT AN OUN-
 KING AND VICIOUS AS A VIXEN

CHARLES E. SAYERS • FICTION

a
 piece
 of
 true

J
 A
 D
 E

THE evening I was Anderson's guest lived in my memory for two reasons. The first was the uncanny disappearance of one of his jade treasures, the other, the startling beauty of Hsing Shu-shih, the girl wife of Huang Dai-jen, his other guest.

Anderson is one of those withered, dried-out types so common among men whose lives have been lived in Asia.

He has a faintly Chinese look about the eyes. And his long sparse frame possesses a beauty and patience that has yielded him a fortune from numberless enterprises.

Our paths had crossed occasionally in the outskirts of China in the Treaty years. There were a few business deals in which somehow he always managed to get the thick end of the bargain; though never by means that could be named unless—just the result of an astute business sense and an Oriental gift of getting the best of it.

I arrived from the shipping firm that had kept me tied to the outskirts just before Japan went to war in the Pacific.

Anderson stayed on, for he had business interests even in wartime western China. Throughout the war he sat down to watch his concerns in a lacquered, many-railed China-style villa in Yunnan-fu.

We made touch again in London after the war at the Thatched House Club, that bookish gadding and pink gin resort of the old China hands in St. James Street.

We laughed together, talked amiably. His business interest, he told me, had been almost ruined.

"The white man's had it in China," he told me. "Under the Communists it will be a closed country for at least a generation. I got out with my pants still buttoned; but that's about all. Does remember Huang Kueyeh?"

"The jade merchant who had a shop in the Street of Heaven in Cheong? Why?"

three centuries before your Christ for that name. Mr. Anderson, you know the classic fish suspended by a chain? When that is struck it answers the full tone of the sounding stone."

Anderson nodded. "Yes. But I have a more wonderful piece than that. Dai-jen, it came from your father."

I thought I detected an eager look pass from Dai-jen to his wife but I may have been mistaken.

"My father told me on the evening of the day he died that if ever I came to you, you would show me a piece of true jade. You mean the Sung pink jade plaque?" asked Dai-jen.

"The most lovely piece of jade I have ever possessed or seen. You said it was true jade, Dai-jen. Your father should have known, for it is listed in the seven hundred books of the Ku Yu Tzu Fu. Yes, Dai-jen, the pink jade plaque from the collection of the first Sung emperor. Is it that you wish to see?"

"It is that my father said you would show to me."

Sheng Hsi-shih held Anderson as he rose from his chair and crossed the room to a brass-bound cedar chest.

"It is said amongst jade craftsmen of China that true jade cannot be counterfeited," she purred.

"True jade cannot be counterfeited," Anderson agreed.

"Tell me, Dai-jen, do you know how a counterfeit can be detected?"

"My father," said Dai-jen, "never handled counterfeit jade."

Anderson smiled wryly. "The Sung pink jade plaque was the last gift of your father to me. A counterfeit can be detected by rubbing the piece with cotton reekened in alcohol. Perhaps you have already seen the plaque?"

Dai-jen shook his head. "My father was gravely that I never studied jade; it was his dearest wish that I should succeed him as China's greatest jade authority."

Anderson turned from the cedar chest, a blue leather case in his hands. "Indeed you took a degree at an American university—engineering, wasn't it?"

"A modern Chinese," Dai-jen shrugged, "must adapt himself. The needs of China demand that."

Anderson inserted a small silver key in the lock of the case. "A pity," he said, "that you never learned the tricks of the jade trade."

Dai-jen snapped open a mother-of-pearl cigarette case. "Not as yet, but who knows? You will have a cigarette?"

Sheng Hsi-shih looked towards me. "It is a long time since you smoked Schenckian tobacco? This is Sham-shan."

I took a cigarette and murmured, "Famous smoking."

Anderson, too, took a cigarette, which Sheng Hsi-shih also lighted. Then he opened the leather case, drew from it a pink jade plaque, twelve inches high, twelve inches broad. It bore the figure of a Buddha-like giant.

The Chinese girl sat beside me, her hands clasped, eyes gleaming. "Cousinhood of me, she murmured: 'It is the true piece.'"

Anderson poised the plaque on outspread hands with the other he struck it a sharp blow with the thumb-nail.

No color shimmered; it rang like a crystal.

I drew hard on my cigarette; felt the passageway of the tobacco smoke my lungs. In the arc of the smoke that I expelled, I perceived the figure of the Buddha; the smoke swelled towards me.

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I heard Anderson say:

"My friend's son, at this the true jade plays made for the first time appeared about a thousand years ago! Your father gave it to me the night before he died. Did he tell you? Now you've come for it. A jade work without a flaw, he said it was. Do you hear it sing, girl from the midnight lapses of Cleopatra? Is that the true note of jade? Have you made any test for the true jade?"

It all sounded very melodramatic. So did that which followed. A scarlet figure leaped from the chair hands one—long, slender fingers groping for the plaque.

Anderson's lips laughed without sound, and his eyes were dull with a weary light. Then, in my confused brain, there was registered a further picture of the plaque being returned to Anderson—or was it another plaque?"

I do not know, for my lungs were choked with smoke. It controlled my vision.

The next I knew I was slumped on a couch. Anderson was leaning over me. The fire stood nearby, a glass of water in his hands.

Anderson laughed: "Pregnant smoking? Truly raised the temperature of the poppy."

I gazed at smoke, the glass of water, gulped eagerly at it. My brain was clear. I gasped, "The plaque?"

Anderson smiled a sinister smile. "Come with the Hunsap— if you will pardon a pun. You saw it?"

"Vaguely. The cigarette was dragged?"

"Indubitably, my friend. With poppy seed. That girl willed you to draw heavily on the cigarette."

"It was the beauty of the plaque more than anything else made me do that. You've done nothing to get it back?"

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jade. There was, also used, a plaque they would like to see, was it not a matter of trust from Dai-jen's father? I affected puzzlement. The Sung plaque was not in my keeping, I told them, and I knew that was the truth when I said it. I had a plaque, yes! but that was a gift from Dai-jen's father. Dai-jen said they had seen a plaque like unto the Sung masterpiece, which they believed his father had given to me.

"My friend, I have never been tutored in a business by Oriental or Occidental. The oblique references of Dai-jen and his girl showed me that they had the true place, and that had been the prize of my bargain with Huang.

"I invited them to dinner. You were a useful witness, or a fellow-a game-play. For that—my apologies.

"My friend, it must have been painful for Sheng Hu-shih too. The weapons of Schachman are high-honoured, but Sheng Hu-shih was disinterested as a Szechwan beauty. The opium cigarette dragged you, can you have seen that fat, stout swell—when she thought that I you was drowned and drew the Sung plaque from the bottom of her dress. It fastened again when she fastened the bodice over my plaque.

"Dai-jen and his wife were backed by air for New York at midnight. They're on the way now. At New York they will offer the plaque to a connoisseur of jade. He is a very careful man. Even if I hadn't debited him he would test the piece for fraud. It is a very simple test and never fails. Would you care to see the Sung plaque that has at last come to me from old Huang?"

I shook my head and understanding glance had been enough for me.

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In a new country, the lone war-weary Kospek built another life. Then fate produced the human monster he had sworn to kill.

Kospek's Mistake

I HEARD that Kospek was working at a quarry outside the city.

"Kospek?" said the pit superintendent. "Sure. I don't know where he learnt his trade, but he's the best 'powder-monkey' we ever had. He'll be up in a minute or so."

I thanked him and walked over to where the big skips cranked up out of the pit, waiting a little to myself, for I knew where Kospek had learnt to handle explosives.

Waiting at the skip platform I

thought about the last time I had seen Kospek. God! How many years ago was that? Right? It seemed more like eighty.

We crossed in some kind of gorse buskin. Kospek and I, on a hillside above the Danube.

I was so nervous on a cat, and kept glancing from my waist watch to the high steel arches of the railway bridge.

"Tut-tut!" Kospek said. "Stop worrying, they will be on time. They always are—methodical Germans."

Even as he spoke I caught the distant whistle of a train, and it seemed only seconds before the locomotive was rushing on to the bridge. Through my field glasses I could see the packed troops passing the compartments. Suddenly smoke squirted, the whistle centre spun back and swayed, dropping slowly away as the report of the explosion reached us.

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I turned away, ashamed. Kopek was rubbing his hands. "Not, not," he chuckled. "Not, not? No mistake there?"

And that was the last time I saw Kopek. That night they started moving me through the underground vaults, and within a month I was in England with my wife.

Now, after all these years, here I was waiting for Kopek in the modern surroundings of a suburban quarry outside Melbourne.

I dragged my mind back as Kopek stopped off a slowly-running dog. I knew him at once, though the years had left their mark.

When the first warm greetings were done "You're—changed, Kopek," I ventured.

"Pah!" he shrugged. "What is life but change? They were not kind to me in Harr Madler's prison camp."

Suddenly he glanced at his watch. "Wait!" he cried. "Come and watch." He led me to the edge of the excavation. As we watched, the grey limestone face opposite cracked and split; dust rose and followed as a hundred tons of rock broke from the face.

Kopek's sigh of satisfaction echoed the explosion. "Not, not!" he murmured, against the noise.

"No mistake there?" I finished for him, and we both laughed.

"Did you ever make a mistake, Kopek?" I asked as we shook our way back to the men's change room.

"Yes," he admitted slowly. "Yes, once. I'll tell you about it but first food and wine. I know a place."

And know a place he did. A place where the police was a god, and the dead had rights.

As best an acolyte materialized with brandy I sipped slowly and looked at Kopek. "About your mistake?"

"I presumed,"

"Ah, yes," he murmured. "You have heard of Franz Mascher?"

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Talking Points

MERRY MARY . . .

In "To Love and to Lose," crime affects, you will meet at choice and wicked a villainess as we have heard of in every a day. Jack Manning, always on the trail of interesting shadings for CAVALCADE readers, introduces you to the fabulous Mary Hadam. Few have devoted their lives to nefarious occupations so wholeheartedly—or with such wit, enterprise and courage—as this pretty little maid of old London. Murder was about the only occupation to which she did not turn her practiced hand. Gossiping, robbery, false pretences, blackmail, burglary, pick-pocketing and larceny were all one to her when it came to emptying the purses of glibble males. Where all this led her, you can find out for yourself on page 12.

MAKE BELIEVE KING . . .

Orville Antonio Trenchard was an offshoot of French luxury who—with nothing but his own flamboyant self-confidence, daring and gambling instinct—set out alone to win an empire in the heart of the Andes. How he succeeded in convincing the wild and warlike Amazonian Indians that he was the white king their legends told weekly materialize and lead them to glory makes him one of history's most fantastic adventurers. In "White King of the Red Man" (page 26) John Adams tells you the full story.

THE RAINS CAME . . .

The disastrous floods with which Australia has been plagued in recent

years have inspired two of our writers this month. Arthur Trenchard presents a fact feature, "Floods Were Floods in '49," and Wal Watkins comes up with a nice fiction piece, "Floodbattled With Fate." It seems a pity that—as has happened so often on the past—now the danger has temporarily passed, people are no longer demanding positive flood prevention and control action. Generations of Governments have been faced with the problem. Yet, by all accounts of what is being done about it, they'll still be facing these generations from now. STOCKMAN'S THIRD AIM . . .

What the larriest is to the cowboy, and the bulge to the gaucha, the plucked billy whop is to the Australian stockman. Beverly Longworth Lee (page 46) gives us an up-to-the-minute survey of the whipcracking craft, which, strongly and lamentably, is dying out.

NEXT MONTH . . .

In CAVALCADE next month you can look forward to the same unique and unusual features and fiction from Australia's topical magazine writers. For strange adventure in exotic far places, there will be "Barren Blood Bath" by Ted Jones, "South Seas Manxander" by well-known Brisbane journalist, Clem Lock, and "Sword of Manxman" by Cedric Masthead. Sport fans are well catered for with "When the Feather Fly," an authoritative survey of modern cock fighting by E. G. Ebert. Orestes Casey and Frank Greenop complete the surveying with characteristic fiction stories.

